# CARPENTER's DAUGHTER,

O F

# DERHAM-DOWN;

O R,

SKETCHES ON THE BANKS

O F

### WINDERMERE.

Let the Object of Love be careful to lose none of its

LAVATER.

#### DUBLIN:

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# CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER, &c.

### CHAP. I.

JOURNEY TO WESTMORELAND.

Lord Derham, disgusted at the overgrown follies of London, retired to enjoy the loveliest season of the year at his country seat, which gives the name of Derham Down to a smiling village on the romantic borders of Windermere.

Few spots, perhaps, can boast a more charming situation than Derham Down, the thatched roofs of which meet the eye as you gain the brow of a hill, in one of the best and most frequented roads which that part of the country affords. The gradual descent of this hill these cottages line, and the state of neatness

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and repair, which the liberality of their owner (Lord Derham) enables them to display, gives a surprising vivacity to the scene, a scene contrasted by the face of the surrounding country, whose irregular grandeur is too often gloomy.

The inhabitants of the village ran to their doors, and hailed the good Peer's arrival with that unfeigned joy, which a prospect of approaching gaiety, and the consequent prosperity of their little state,

promoted.

A domestic, whose head was worn bare in his Lordship's service, was first greeted by the salutations of old and young; nor did the horse he rode on, whose muzzle began to display a few grey hairs, pass unsaluted on the score of long acquaintance. A peasant or two who had been helpers in the stables of Lord Derham, seemed to hail his safe return from so profligate a place as London.

His Lordship next approached in his travelling carriage, in which was comprised much timber and much state, and which was, according to the good old fashion, drawn by six long-tailed black horses: Though it was a rainy day he let down the side glasses, that he might return the salutations of his neighbours, which he did with an encouraging rod.

As

As to the villagers, they revered every thing about their patron; even the fingularities of his dress obtained their respect, and they smiled, with a mixture of mirth and affection, as they surveyed his compact natural-curled wig, and his Cumberland hat, placed, with a military air, on one fide; for Lord Derham had commanded a regiment at Minden: The efforts of which corps he would (perhaps too often) fay, caused Prince Ferdinand to exclaim, with more military judgment than prophetic spirit, "Voici le beau moment pour la Cavalerie;" the Prince was not certainly like the antients, foldier and augur too.

In the carriage with Lord Derham, and in a post coach which followed it, were contained his lovely daughter and a party of friends who proposed passing some time with his Lordship at the Down,

for fo was his feat called.

As the coach passed a neat cottage against the thatch of which were resterione elm planks newly sawed, a your girl bounced out at the door, and dropped a low curtesy. Lord Derham bade a friend observe her, while he nodded familiarly, and smiled on her. The slush when she appeared, deepened at his Lord B 2

#### CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

thip's nod, the whilked round and vanished from the door. - By heavens, exclaimed the gentleman, to whom his Lordship had addressed himself, it is a most lovely girl! It is my little mistress, exclaimed Lord Derham; her father fought under me at Minden when the Prince --- The gentleman perceived, to his forrow, that he must go through the affair at Minden, and fortified himself with patience, to reward him for which let us bear testimony to that correctness of taste which induced him to exclaim, that the little girl, who ran out of the carpenter's shop, was the most lovely creature he had ever feen.

Betsy Braddyl was the daughter of a man who had served as serjeant under Lord Derham, and, upon the proclamation of the peace before the last, had retired to his native village, where he resumed the trade to which he was originally bred, and lived happy under the auspices of his fellow soldier, a title with which he would not unfrequently homour Lord Derham, in the parlour at the Nag's-Head, near the end of the village, to which he repaired of an evening, if we may believe Mrs. Braddyl, somewhat

too frequently.

### CHAP. II.

A SKETCH OF THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

TO ETSY BRADDYL was at this time about fifteen years of age. The opening bud of the rofe was not half fo beautiful as Betfy; her little limbs, were fymmetry combined with a native elegance that baffles all description. Her person was so formed, and so put together, that she could not place herself in any attitude in which she would not have been a model for a painter; and her attitudes were continually varied by the vivacity of her disposition, for she was hurried through life by a flow of spirits, which age and adverfity would find it difficult to overcome. Activity of body was with Betfy as much a pride as a beauty; and when the ran up the streets of the village without a cap, her dark chefnut hair streaming behind her, her elegant shoulders thrown back, and her tovely neck extended, a poet not very dull, would have said he saw Atalanta in the chase; but Ned Sanford, who was

made him one, would talk as strangely, and perhaps as unintelligibly as the di-

vinest bard, on the subject.

I cannot see, said Ned, as he was Randing at no great distance from Braddyl's cottage to fee I ord Derham pafs. what there is in little Bet Braddyl to attract one fo. She is not fo fair as Kitty Curd, nor has she so handsome a nose as Peg Peartree, nor fo black an eye as Ruth Levi, nor is the fo handsome altogether as Lucy Lamb, and yet hang me if either of them is fit to lace her stays. -" Her stays have got no bone in them, neither," faid Luke Level -- Luke, whom, from the pertinency of this obfervation, the reader may have already discovered to be no conjurer, was apprentice to Bet's father, old Braddyl, and these words, void of sense and meaning, as they appeared, funk to the foul of poor Ned, lay rankling there, and poisoned the pleasure of a long spring afternoon; but it is time to finish this imperfect sketch of Betly Braddyl. Her complexion was fair, but not glowing, 'till illumined by exercise or animation; but the former was so frequently adopted, and the latter so wakefully alive, that she seldom failed failed to remind you of the following beautiful lines:

--- "Her pure and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheek, and with fuch spirit wrought, That one might almost think her body thought."

Indeed a more perfect idea of her face than those lines afford can scarcely be conveyed. Intelligence is the grand characteristic of her variable countenance. As to her features fingly—her eyes are large and expressive, their colour hazel; her nose is neither Roman nor Grecian. but fuch, that it would have loft part of its beauty had it been strictly either; her mouth is more lovely than regular; her teeth are ivory; her lips pouting, red and moiff, and her eye brows are rather I think it has been before observed, that her hair is of a dark chefnut colour; it possesses rather a gentle wave than a regular curl; it flows in the inimitable pride of nature, around her shoulders, and winds with a most flattering contrast over the polished alabaster of her forehead.

### CHAP. III.

A YOUNG LOVER, WITH SOME HINTS ON ETYMOLOGY.

TED SANFORD was a boy of whom the whole parish concurred in declaring nothing could be made; and indeed, this might be fafely predicted of him, if the received opinion, that a gentleman is fit for nothing, be admitted, for as such had Ned been educated; in short, he had been a drum-boy in his county militia, from which post he was dismissed at the proclamation of the peace. and turned adrift with many of his officers (hail to the falutary spirit of public œconomy!) unprovided with sufficient to purchase the morrow's meal; a wide world lay before them, in which they were permitted to feek their fate, which many of them speedily found at the bar of a court of justice.

Ned Sanford was what the world called a handsome lad. He was about a year older than Betsy, and his limbs gave the promise of perfect symmetry. He had a natural grace in his person, which probably Monsieur Vestris would be at a loss to point out; but which the late John Mortimer

Mortimer (a name which genius shall never recall without a figh) has best commented on in his various sketches. A striking feature in Ned's person (which procured him the nick-name of Burley, with as much propriety as most names can boast) was a light-brown head of hair. whose tendency to curl would not fuffer it, even when longest, to reach the collar of his jacket. This circumstance. perhaps, we should not have mentioned. had it not been partly the cause of poor Ned's anguish, when Luke Level menuioned in fo mystical a manner the bones of Betsy Braddyl's stays: He had been told but that morning by a girl of the village (need we fay that as a foldier he stood well with the girls? that Betfy Braddyl had laughed at him among her female companions. By dint of a little talent of infinuation which Ned poffeffed. he worm'd out of the malicious little talebearer the whole of Betfy's speech, the pointed ridicule of which was all contained in these words, "that however they might laugh at Burley's head of hair, it had at least this good effect, that it shewed the handsomest and whitest neck in the whole village." The reader. who cannot guess what a warm gash this speech conveyed to the heart of poor B 5. Ned.

Ned, and with what a double degree of cold Luke Level's observations shed its congealing influence over it, will probably, as it will certainly be most prudent in him to do, throw up the book at this

page, and proceed no farther.

I shall conclude this chapter with a word of advice to those etymologists, who may be induced to puzzle their brains for the relation between the cause and effect of Ned's nick-name. When they have proceeded, with as much success in this as in their various other refearches, the following hint may, perhaps, assist them. A boy of the parish, with a vein of rhyming in him, which, luckily for his associates, as yet lay dormant, in allusion to Ned's locks, called him Curley Burley, and the ears of the surrounding audience were more tickled with the last word than the first.

#### CHAP. IV.

#### A MORNING SCENE.

THE same sun (it is for the information of persons of fashion that I mention this) the same sun which peeped under the thatch of Braddyl's cottage, to steal a glance at the beautiful Betsy through a diminutive casement, whose

"Scanty pane the rifing ray.
On the white wall in diamonds threw,"

and discovered (notwithstanding a few slowers, in a broken tea pot, which nearly overshadowed the window) her snowy arm stretched over a dowlas sheeet, her eye-lids closed, and her rosy lips just sufficiently parted to reveal the range of pearls between them; that amorous sun who bade two sparrows twitter at her window, that he might kiss her opening eyes, went round, about an hour afterward, to shed a softened ray through the blue sattin curtain of Miss Derham's chamber, which occupied a more southern aspect at the Down.

Miss Derham hailed the welcome vifitor, for she had been some time awake, and rang for her woman.—Mrs. Fitchet appeared, and the morning toilet began.

A taste

a tafte perfectly formed, and a judgment chastely correct, which adorned the mind of Miss Derham, displayed themselves. even in the ornaments of her person; and fuch was the simple elegance which graced the finished toils of Mrs. Fitchet, that, in contemplating the dress of her Lady, the mind was artfully withdrawn from reflecting on the beauties it concealed, or, if it strayed to them, it was compelled to admit an apology in the exertion of a fancy which is the gift of but few. Among the few who possess it, those women, who are fortunate enough to add to a lovely form, the extraneous advantages of exalted rank, and affluent fortune, are alone enabled to display it: It is called fashion, and is that attribute by their fruitless attempts to attain which the females of an inferior order render themselves so conspicuous, seldom to the advantage even of those on whom nature has bestowed the most seducing charms; for nature claims the display of her own ifts; it is from her we must learn what will most adorn the beauty she bestows; it is from her we do learn, that the most haple ornaments are the most becoming, that she cannot, by her utmost exerons, beltow a form, from which art milapplied may not detract. o In

In the breakfast parlour, to which she was speedily summoned, she found her father. The good old Peer arose at her entrance, his eye glistening with pleasure, placed her at the tea table, and himself occupied a chair by her side. They had been seated there about sive minutes, when Sir Harry Sapsworth; the gentleman to whom Lord Derham had addressed himself in the coach, upon the appearance of Betsy Braddyl, sound himself released from the hands of his valet, and joined them. Lord Derham rallied him

upon his early rifing.

"Your Lordship cannot conceive how much I like it," faid Sir Harry, with a vawn, which his politenels in vain struggled to suppress; " but it is impossible in town, unless one would live like a hermit. We dine fo late now, one could never get through the morning; it would be insupportable." He paused for a moment, then turning to Mils Derham. with a finile well calculated to display his teeth-" You are a famous farrier I know," faid he; " what is good for a fand-crack?" An address so familiar, and on fuch a subject to an elegant young woman, would have alarmed the critics in politeness of the last age, and they would have pronounced the man from whom

whom it proceeded, an ill bred clown. Sir Harry, however, was a man of fashion: But how would the alarms of these gentlemen have increased if they had heard Miss Derham (such as she has been described) answer with infinite good humour, and some degree of science on the subject? Indeed, if this lovely girl had a fault, it was her extreme attachment to the generous animal, whose disorder had been the subject of Sir Harry's address, an attachment arising from her skill in riding, and the pleasure she took in that exercise.

Sir Harry had just heard from his groom, who always attended his levee, that the favourite of a fet of greys, which he had fent to the Down on the preceding day with his phaeton, had fallen lame, and that his lameness proceeded from a fand-crack. This was a subject of importance to a man whose life was passed in an indolence at once so fashionable and uncomfortable, that any circumstance, even attended by a loss, became a bleffing, if it was of confequence enough to gain his attention. Nor was the good old Peer unconcerned in this event he had formed himself in the manage, when a young man, under that prodigy of health, spirits, wit and politeness, at. eightyeighty-five, Sir Sidney Meadows.—He was a stickler for old Markham's Master-piece, and a long dispute ensued between him and Sir Harry on the comparative merits of this quaint old writer, and the decisive Mr. Taplin, which ended in the whole party's adjourning to the stable as soon as breakfast was concluded, to confult on the case of the poor grey.

#### CHAP. V.

TWO SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

IN consequence of a certain portion of fancy, which had at an early period of his life led him to the gay and unsettled life of a drum-boy, and of gentlemanly principles imbibed in that fituation which inclined him a little to diffipation, though Ned Sanford was called, a good handy lad, he was well-skilled in no one craft; his occupations, therefore were various, and his means of subsistence uncertain.

It was on the approach of noon that Ned, who happened to be unemployed, strolled down to Braddyl's cottage, half inclined to quarrel with Betsy, and half inclined inclined to kneel at her feet, and ask forgivenest for that intention, which as yet

tay conceded in his own bolom.

He found her in a finall inclosure by the fide of the road, in which was placed old Braddyl's faw-pit. She was litting on fome deal planks, and was playing with her little brother, a beautiful child, about two years old: Ned feated himfelf at the farther end of the planks of which Betfy fat, and his eyes were involuntarily fixed on her stays; they embraced a shape so lovely, that he was thoroughly convinced Luke's observation was true, and it tormented him more than ever. "What, no work to-day, Ned?" He folded his arms: "Idle. idle, Ned!" Ned fighed, took up a chiffel which lay near him, and fell to work on the plank. " I hate to fee you fo." "I know you hate me, Mis, and I shall go."-" Stay, Ned, I hate to fee you idle. What will you do by and by? Hark how Luke is hammering. Ah, Ned! he will be a rich man, while you "-"He is happy now," cried Ned, almost choaking, " and whether he will ever be rich -- " " He is making a box for me, shall I call him to shew it you?"-" Stay, Miss Betsy Braddyl," cried Ned, with a vast deal of dignity, " do

"do not call him here; it may be ----I do not chuse to see him just now. Go to him, pray Madam; do not let me interrupt you."—" Why, what is Luke Level to me, Ned?"—" Every thing I am afarid," cried Ned, with anguish; " but what have I to do with that!" Betfy stole the chissel from Ned's hand, and leered in his face. He turned from her angrily.- " Go to Ned, and kifs him," cried Betfy to the child. The boy ran between Ned's knees, and held up his little cherub's face to be kiffed; but Ned turned his head afide .- " Ill-natured boy!" cried Betfy; "come here, my dear, and be kiffed." A dead filence reigned for about five minutes, when Betfy fliding the chiffel along her hand, fuddenly shrieked out, "Ah, heavens! my finger!" Ned started, wildly, and was on his knees before her as quick as thought: "Which finger, Betfy?"-"Neither," replied Betfy, laughing faintly. "Ah, Ned! Ned!" He devoured her hand, on which, however, he perceived no wound, with kiffes. "You would not kiss this little --." Ned feized the boy, and kiffed him with transport, and what is fingular, Betfy caught the boy out of Ned's arms, and, with her eyes fixed on Ned the wholetime. half

half stissed him with caresses.—" Let Luke come now if he will," cried Ned.
—" I have the formal fool," said Betsy. At this instant they were alarmed by the beat of a drum.

At this beloved found Ned Sanford flew like lightning towards the place whence he judged it to proceed: Betfy followed him to the door of the cottage. and, looking down the hill on which the village stands, she perceived a cloud of dust, through which the gleamings of arms in the fun convinced her that it was too late to call Ned back, who had run, like a lapwing, towards them. Some pioneers had now ascended the hill, and as she contemplated the formidable air which the furred caps, knap-facks, and working-tools, gave them, and to which a long march, in a warm dufty day, had not a little contributed, she heard her father's voice close to her ear, for the drum had drawn him from the sawing a plank which he found he must either spoil or quit. Betty, cried he, in a military accent, "Look to your left." She did fo, and faw my Lord Derham, his daughter, and the party which he had the day before brought down with him. She paid her compliments to her respected patrons somewhat hastily, for on the other side.

were two irrefistible objects, the foldiers and Ned Sanford, who had taken his

post a little below her.

Almost half the files had passed Ned, when Betfy perceived him affume a more haughty mien than she had ever beheld in him before. He threw back his shoulders, swelling out his chest, and feemed, for the first time, to study an attitude; as the colours approached him, he raifed his hand gracefully to take off a little bit-of a scarlet cloth foraging cap, which had formerly been intire, and which when in that state, he had worn as a drum-boy, and leaving his curled head uncovered, eyed the colours as they waved by him with a firm but respectful air. Betfy, who was lost in surpise, mixed with some little pleasure (for Ned's attitude, modelled by the hand of enthufiasm, joined to a certain animation of aspect, rendered him at that moment a very interesting figure) only withdrew her eyes from Ned to steal a glance at the furrounding company, and discover whether they united with her in admiration of Ned's manœuvre, the motive to whichthe had not developed, when the perceived Lord Derham; who stood a little in the front of the rest of the company, bare headed, at the approach of the colours.

tours, and her father, who had formed up in the rear of his old commander, with a countenance which expressed an anxiety to take off the hat which he had not on, for unluckily he had come without one.

Ned Sanford's behaviour had not paffed unnoticed by the commanding officer, who had quitted his post upon perceiving Lord Derham, and stood to view the files as they passed. He asked Ned his name, threw a shilling to him as he passed, and approached Lord Derham and his party. This officer, whole hand Lord Derham grasped with warmth, and who accosted his Lordship with respect ful affection, was distinguished from his foldiers by nothing so much as superior grace and elegance of form; for his dress was the same as their own, except that his coat was wrought in a finer loom, and that he had no knapfack at his back. Though his groom attended with two very fine horses, he had marched on foot at the head of the men, and the dust of the road, whatever it might have added. to his military appearance, had not exactly qualified him to thine in a party where the toilet had displayed its utmost efforts. Sir Harry Sapfworth, who had been a king's page, whilpered to Mils Derham,

Derham, "is this your colonel?" When Lord Derham introduced him, Sir Harry threw off his round hat, drew his heels together, bowed flightly, and, turning round, put his foot on a rail, and, calling to Betfy Braddyl, "Here, child," bade her tie an enormous bunch of ribbands which covered his shoe. As she stooped to do this the young Baronet furveyed her: " Are not you," faid he, " the little girl whom I faw as we passed through the village?" To this wife queftion Betsy answered, with a curtely and a blush, "I do not know, Sir,"-" You are devilish pretty, my dear," returned Sir Harry; "you must come and live with me." "If my father pleases, Sir," faid Betfy. Sir Harry fmiled at this young creature's extreme folly, and nothing will probably more strongly prove the trite position, that laughter is the effect of conscious superiority than the Baronet's fmile on this occasion.

Sir Harry Sapsworth had been, as has been said before, one of the king's pages, and became, at a very early period of his life, happily convinced, that nothing but vulgarity of manners, and weakness of mind, were to be found out of the pale of the royal household. He was, fortunately for his progress in the attain-

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ment of personal accomplishments, taken from school before the united efforts of his masters could encumber his memory with any dead or living language, or give it the flightest bent towards the laborious operation of thinking. confidential friend, however, and his groom, both equal judges of the matter, declare he writes a good letter, and the latter has often observed, with an emphatic nod, "that he spells pretty well." At the academy of Leige, in Germany, he acquired his French and Italian. Upon quitting the household he obtained a commission in the foot guards, which, however, he relinquished in consequence of the severe duty which has for some years taken place at the Bank of England; "that execrable jostle through the throngs of mechanics, the vile fituation when one arrives at it! Why do they not fend a marching regiment? The women always detect me when I return from that detestable duty!" Thus were his ideas on the subject conveyed, and he foon fold out.

His lucky escape from school at so early a period, enabled him to bestow much serious reslections on the lessons of his dancing-master, and as he was wellformed, he soon became a favourite scholar. Nor did Hall, who certainly understands the art he professes, deny that he rode well. With these accomplishments Sir Harry possesses an handsome face, and a countenance in general far from unintelligent. This, added to the care which his taylor and valet de chambre take of his person, for he never pulls on a stocking without the aid of the latter, render him an object of attention wherever he appears. He has acquired, by a run through life unchecked by adversity, an ease of behaviour rather bordering upon insolence, which, however, he knows how to blend with the mild manners adopted by the most polished societies in the kingdom, to which he has always a ready admission; and such is the effect of those manners. united with personal accomplishments. that Sir Harry Sapsworth is, when he wishes to be so, specious, imposing and agreeable, and passes through life with fuch talents as have been delineated, for an intelligent, fensible young man.

### CHAP. VI.

#### HALF AN HOUR AFTER DINNER.

THE cloth was removed from Lord Derham's table, when the converfation turned on some of the accidents of the day. Lord Derham asked Sir Harry what he thought of his young foldier .- "Colonel Walfingham, my Lord, is a relation of yours."-" A distant one."-" I have had the honour of being in his company before; his talents as a foldier."-" He is a foldier of fortune." cried Lord Derham, " and his talents must be respectable to have attained for him the rank he possesses already." Certainly, my Lord, but there is, about thefe men of service a certain want of that elegance, which a man of fashion."-What think you Bab?"-faid Lord Derham, turning to his daughter :- "I agree with Sir Harry, Sir; I thought my cousin to-day a little too much of the foldier." " And this is a foldier's daughter too, Bab!" A fervant now announced Col. Walfingham, who had accepted an invitation from Lord Derham to make the Down his quarters while in that country. Col. Walfingham entered in a riding

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riding dress, and his appearance bore so much fashion in it, that Miss Derham immediately whispered to her father, that she retracted her opinion, and Sir Harry sat silent and absorbed in thought. The old Peer got into a military line of conversation, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Sir Harry to interrupt it, who perceived that he was conveying the whole company apace towards Minden.

I met with nothing, faid Col. Walfing. ham, which gave me fo much pleafure as the conduct of a young rafcal as I entered your village, my Lord, a handsome curl-headed lad. " His faluting your colours, you mean."-" I do."-" I obferved him too; it pleased me. Who is that boy, Bab? You know, for I fee him frequently about Braddyl's, an old ferjeant of mine, Walfingham."-Now for Minden fighed Sir Harry, but he fighed inwardly.-" His name is Sanford, Sir: he is a great favourite with my little girl."-" He is a good boy then, I hope," cried the Peer; "I would not for the world have any thing happen to that girl."-" The carpenter's girl!" exclaimed Sir Harry, starting from a reverie. "The fame."-" Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of the boy," faid Mifs Derham; " but that he has the character of an idle lad. He is clever, I believe, for my little friend shewed me some verses which he had written on her the other day, which—" "Verses!" exclaimed Lord Derham; "why the boy I mean is a common labourer."—"That circumstance, my Lord, excited my curiosity, and I understood that Mr. Hope, our last curate, met with him by accident, when an infant, and, pleased with marks of genius in the child, took him home, and bestowed some labour on his education; but died without being able to provide for him, at which time the

boy inlifted in the militia."

"If he is a poet," cried Col. Walfingham, fmiling, " let the girl fly him! He bears about him a talisman against competency: Starve with him the may; but as to living, as Jeremy fays, even the life of a new play, it is impossible!" "Why, Walfingham," cried Lord Derham, "you write yourfelf."-" If I do, my Lord, I hope, among other follies which are the portion of man, I am wife enough to conceal it."-" You wrote when a boy, I am fure," faid Miss Derham; "you are fure of that, are you, Bab?" cried the old Peer, smiling: "Your health, my dear; but why blush fo?" This observation only served to heighten

heighten a vivid glow which fuffuled the lovely animated countenance of Miss Col. Walfingham looked Derham. grave, and Sir Harry withdrawing his attention from a new tooth-pick case, fixed his eyes on Miss Derham, and laughed. The men were now left to themselves, and a summons to tea soon put an end to the conversation: for Lord Derham did not carry the fashions of the metropolis into the heart of Westmoreland; and, indeed, he possessed a soul too feelingly alive to the beauties of nature to permit a fingle charm to escape him, through a ridiculous submission to what the world calls fashionable hours.

We will now leave the reader to muse on the blush which tinged the cheek of Miss Derham, on which he must muse, without a guide, till we have leisure to

lend him a clue.

### CHAP. VII.

A VISIT TO A COTTAGE.

A LITTLE round three-leg'd deal table had been, for some time, removed from beneath an apple-tree in full blossom, where the mildness of the evening had invited Mrs. Braddyl to prepare her tea equipage, and the best tea cups, which were a little bigger than an acorn, had again fallen in, as Braddyl would facetiously say, to their ranks over the parlour chimney-piece, from which place they had been drawn out ready in case of a surprise, for the sagarity of Mrs. Braddyl foretold a speedy wist from Mrs. Fitchet, Miss Derham's woman.

They had, however, resumed their posts on the mantle-piece; Braddyl was, to speak technically, sawing a piece of tough bacon with a bad knife, and Betsy, a little coxcomb, was putting her hair in papers for the night, when in sailed Mrs. Fitchet, on an afternoon's visit.—
"Let me disturb nobody," cried the accommodating Fitchet; "I do insist upon disturbing nobody," which little speech she had conned on her road from the

the Down, from a conviction that she should just be in time to disturb every body. "Lord a mercy, Mr. Braddyl, what not done dinner yet!"—"Dinner, Madam!"—"Why, it cannot be your supper, sure! Well, I am so used to fassionable hours—I am sure, Ma'am you are going to be ceremonious, and if you do we must leave the house; must not we, Mr. Black? This is Mr. Black, Sir Harry's gentleman."

Mr. Black made his bow, and Mrs. Braddyl declared, that, though Mr. Braddyl was an early man; she herself had not yet drank tea. In consequence of this, the little cups were again dislodged from their post, and the opera-

tion of tea-making resumed.

"If Ned Sandford was here he could fetch us some water," cried Mrs. Braddyl, for she was not so destitute of taste as to make tea for such a party with pump-water. "Where can Ned be?" cried Betsy, "I am sure I have not seen him since morning:"—"And Luke Level too," cried Braddyl, "he has not been at work this afternoon." "I gave him leave, my dear," cried Mrs. Braddyl, primming up her mouth, to go to meeting, for Luke was one of those people carled Quakers.—"At Marstow.

flow, mother?" cried Betfy.-" Yes, child."-" Then, I dare fay, he and Ned will meet; for I will lay my life he is gone there with the foldiers who went by to-day."---" Ned is a good boy," cried old Braddyl; "if you had feen him falute the colours to-day!"-" A fiddle for your colours," cried Mrs. Fitchet; " there is the Colonel at our house to-day, and Mr. Black tells me they have been talking of nothing elfe."-"What.Colonel, pray Ma'am?"-" Colonel Walfingham."-" What master Walfingham, that fweet boy, who used. to be here so much; is he grown a Colonel?"-" He is all that, to be fure, Ma'am."-" Pray, Ma'am, when he was a boy, I thought he used to keep company with our fweet Lady-your young Lady, Mrs. Fitchet."-" My young-oh, heavens! a Colonel, no, not if he were a Captain, I affure you. Oh! impudence -I affure you-no, ridiculous. Indeed, I have fometimes thought of fetting my cap at the Colonel, ha! ha! han't I, Mr. Black?" "I will tell you what, Mrs. Fitchet," cried Braddyl, coming forward, "A Colonel in the army is a fit husband for a queen!"

Mr. Black, who, among other perfections, was a complete modern philosopher, then took up the conversation: Excuse me, Mr. Braddyl, for venturing to differ from you on a subject which you should be more cognizable than me, because you are more acquainted on it; but what is a Colonel? He is little more than a foldier, being of the specious of the soldier.—Give me leave, Mr. Braddyl: Why then, as I faid before, of what use is a foldier in society, I alk?—that is all I want—of what use? Because, is it not shocking to the humanity of human nature, that a man for fix pence a day should be compelled, voluntarily, to cut a thousand throats-all his fellow creatures, and should be obliged to be flogged to do so against the liberty of the subject, and the constitution of England:"

This harangue (the fate of many similar ones) was applauded to the skies by the Ladies. Mrs. Braddyl declared, "that it was the most sensible speech she had ever heard:"—But Braddyl continued ignorantly obstinate, and turned off, saying, "that for all that, he believed we should not enjoy the blessings of life in peace, if it were not for soldiers and discipline."—"Mr. Black has said right," said Mrs. Fitchet, "because all

the world knows that the Baron Knight, his master, is to have my young Lady."

At this period Luke Level arrived from the meeting at Marston, when Betsy, with an eagerness not unnoticed by Mr. Black (for his eyes were seldom withdrawn from this lovely girl) inquired where Ned was.—"Thee knowest equally well with me," replied Luke; "I saw him at Marston, but quitted him, because I judged, from his liveliness, that he had been drinking. When I came away he was bidden to supper by some of those thee termest drummers in what they call the regiment, and I do not imagine thee wilt see him again, this, I know not how long."

At this account poor Betfy's eyes were filled with tears, which she strove a thousand ways to disguise. Her confusion was increased by the facetious remarks of Mr. Black, who, at length, with Mrs. Fitchet, retired, as did our poor little girl soon after, to a mattrass, the hardness of which (though she had been long indebted to it for the firm couteur and elastic polish of her lovely limbs) she now, for the first time, perceived; and it was near morning before she tasted the sweet and refreshing sleep which

glowing

glowing health, and an unspotted mind, had ever before procured her.

## CHAP. VIII.

COLONEL WALSINGHAM SETS OUT ON A VISIT TO A FRIEND.

OLONEL Walfingham, who had I now taken up his quarters with Lord Derham, was descended from the younger branch of a very ancient house. His father (the Hon Sidney Walfingham) died a major-general in the fervice, at a very early period of life, and left his fon heir to little more than his name and virtues. Lord Derham, who was a distant relation, was appointed guardian to young Sidney, whose scanty inheritance felt no diminution in the course of his education which, notwithstanding, was such, as very few men of rank can boast; for Lord Derham had convinced himself with that spirit of enthufiasm, which a warm attachment to a military life frequently creates, that a foldier should be all accomplished.— " Be," would he cry to Sidney, whose freedom of manners, united to an ingemuous countenance and elegant form, even when a boy, very much 'endeared' C 5

him to this worthy patron, "be but half as great a man as your illustrious anceftor, Sir Philip, and you will be all which that noble fellow, your father, would have wished you; my duty will then be done."

Sanguine as Lord Derham's wifhes might have been, the progress of young Walfingham in those attainments, which enlarge the mind and form the person, did not deceive them. With a foul active and penetrating, he had, perhaps, a greater share of a certain useless ingredient, called imagination, than a prudent man would approve; but as this quality is never unaccompanied with ambition (for we never build a castle but in hopes of inhabiting it) when his judgment was ripened by age, and that experience, which, in complying an eager defire to know mankind, he could not fail to acquire, he, perhaps, owed much of his fuccess in life to it.

Lord Derham had now the satisfaction to see united, in his young friend, two characters which were most dear to him—the soldier and the gentleman. His conduct, during some years of dangerous and harassing service, had obtained for him a rank to which his age seemed scarcely to intitle him. He had applied

applied a mind, fuch as has been described, to the attainment of general, as well as professional, information. Possessed of a very fine person, he had given to it an uncommon portion of grace, by his ambition to excel in those exercises which at once contribute to form and embellish the limbs. To this he united the ease of a man of fashion, acquired from an early initiation into the most brilliant circles: this deportment had in it, however, (particularly when employed in his profession, in which he was an enthufiast) a fire, which was often mistaken for haughtiness, till the mildness of his address undeceived. That he possessed a great share of pride is certain; but it was that pride, which is the best friend of man, which swells at the view of a dirty-or mean action, and rejects, with contempt, the proffer of wealth, which would fate the rapacity of an eastern plunderer, if it must be purchased by the flightest deviation from the character of a gentleman.

Besides Lord Derham, Col. Walsingham found another brother-officer, settled in that part of the country. Capt. Wharton had served with him during several campaigns; but his regiment (a new one) having been reduced before

the

the final conclusion of the peace, Wharton had converted his fword into a plough-share, and retired upon little more than his half-pay into Westmoreland, where he applied himself to the cultivation of a fmall parcel of land, the only remains of a decent fortune, which a liberal disposition—some little love of pleafure-and an anxiety to redress the rigours of a campaign among his fellowfoldiers, had left him. During a time of fervice every man's heart and purfe are open. Mutual danger and mutual recreation, after danger, are, probably, the sweetest and strongest ties which the mind of man owns. Wharton's money flew, and when, at the conclusion of the war, he found his friends unable to pay him, he smiled at his loss, and burnt his fecurities.

A similarity of character and talents nearly congenial cemented a strict union, which first took place in America, between Wharton and Col. Walsingham, who, on his arrival in Westmoreland, scarcely looked with more pleasure on the hope of embracing Lord Derham, and feeing, after a long absence, a family so, justly dear to him, than in the prospect of talking over old tales with Wharton.

Full

Full of this idea, the first moment he could steal from the affectionate attention of Lord Derham, he dedicated to call on his friend. As he rode through the village with this intent, he faw Miss Derham's horses and servant at the door of Braddyl's cottage. He committed his own horse to the care of his groom, and went in. Mr. Walfingham! exclaimed Miss Derham .- Ah, Miss Derham! cried he, I find there is no reclaiming you; you will remain as unfashionable as I once knew you. Suppose I fhould mention this in town? Miss Derham fmiled, with a little fuffusion of countenance, cried, fure, you are not going there yet ?- " Could you think it? I cannot fo foon part with the friends I have folately retrieved, and fuch friends too!" "You are partial to us," returned Miss Derham.-" If I were not, I must be, in every sense, a brute!"-" Come, come," refumed Miss D-, " here is an old acquaintance of yours; she's been curtfeying to you for this half hour." -" Vell, lack-a-daify! I should never ha' thought it. If any body had told me, I should not ha' believed it, that Master Sidney, that used to walk so much with you, dear Madam, when you were little tiney things! Well, God forgive me, I always laid you out for my dear Lady, Sir, a sweet boy as you was; but to see how people are cross'd ——!"

This speech brought all the blood into Miss Derham's face, and Walsingham looked a little foolish. They both asfumed a faint smile, and were rising to go, when Ned Sanford, who had been driving plough for Braddyl, in a little close near to the house, which he had turned up for barley, entered the room with a leathern bottle, which he defired might be filled with beer for the ploughman. Ned's face, which was flushed by labour, assumed a deeper crimson, when he faw Miss Derham. He pulled off his little foraging cap, and stood at the door, with his eyes fixed on the ground.-" Is not that the lad?" cried Col. Walfingham, not forry to draw the attention from the last conversation. -"That," cried Miss Derham, with some feverity in her tone, "is a very bad boy. Sir."-Poor Ned lifted up his eyes-glanced piteously on Mils Derhamthrew them down again-received his bottle, and, bowing, withdrew.

In a few feconds the lovely Betfy came running wildly into the room: Mother! mother! for heaven's fake come! "Ned has struck the gentleman, and there will

be mischief!" They all arose in an instant. Walfingham placed Mrs. Braddyl and Miss Derham in the chairs again. and promifed to quiet matters himfelf. He went out with this intent, and croffing a little orchard after Betfy, who conducted him, he faw, at a gate which led into the Close, a well-dressed gentleman, standing with his handkerchief up to his eye: Two men, to appearance labourers, were standing by him, with their hats off, and he was faying to one of them, "Do not talk to me; I do infift upon it that you turn that fellow away this instant, or it shall be the worse for you."-" Sir," replied the man, "I cannot get a boy to drive for me to-day." -" D-n your driving," cried the gen-tleman, "then leave off."

Colonel Walsingham was by this time close to them. The labourer, who was a poor farmer in the neighbourhood, and who had undertaken to plough and sow this Close for Braddyl, who happened to be out, retired to unharness his horses. Colonel Walsingham was by this time close to them, and asked what was the matter. The gentleman turned round at the sound of his voice, and discovered himself to be no less a personage than Mr. Black.—" Matter, Col. Walsingham,"

ham," cried Mr. Black, "I have been ill-treated."-" By whom?"-" The boy who is now coming across the field; but I will be revenged-a little dirty fcoundrel!"-- "Indeed, Sir," cried Betfy, with animation, "the poor boy was not-much-to blame."-" We will hear what he has to fay," cried Colonel Walfingham, and he beckoned Ned, who approached. As he came near the gate, Black raised his cane to strike him. -" Be decent, Sir," cried Colonel Walfingham, in a fevere tone, " and tell me what the boy has done."-" The fcoundrel has ftruck me, Sir."-" How is this, my lad?"-" I will tell your honour the whole truth," cried Ned : " I have been wrong, and will undergo what punishment your honour pleases. You was fitting in the room when the Lady, whom all the country loves as well as myself, told me I was a bad boy. was very true, Sir; but it went to my heart to be told fo by her Ladyship. made me very miserable, and very fractious, Sir, and I was in this humour when coming out with my bottle. faw this gentleman at the gate attempting to kiss Miss Betsy, and when she would not let him, he tried to put his hand on her neck. I could not help it for the foul of me, Sir. As I got over the

the gate, I clapped my foot between his shoulders, and kicked him from me. He struck me with his cane, and I returned the blow, as I had a right; but I

am forry that I struck first."

" Is this true?"—" It is, upon my honour, upon my foul," cried Betfy. Colonel Walfingham smiled at her eagerness, and Luke Level, who came up at that instant, bade her not swear. Colonel Walfingham turned towards Black. and his blood boiled .- "Where is your hat, fellow?" cried he; for he had not once moved it fince his approach, and he struck it off with his whip. ploughman came up to the gate with his This is a pretty cause, said horses. Walfingham, for losing half a day's work. Go to it again; I give you leave to employ the boy.

This the farmer, recollecting that he had half a days work to finish at home, declined doing; and the Colonel asked him the best road to Capt. Wharton's. "I can shew your honour," cried Ned; "he is one of my best masters, and as I have nothing more to do here, I shall go and finish the hoeing of a piece of wheat there."—Colonel Walsingham inquired how far it was, and understanding that it was three miles distant by the road, and only one by the fields, he de-

termined

termined to fend his horses back, and walk with Ned as his guide. This he was the more ready to do, as he did not wish to encumber his friend with his horses and servant; he therefore returned to Braddyl's, assured Miss Derham that the affair was over, and that the boy was not to blame, and began his march towards the Eutaws, the name which Capt. Wharton had given to his farm.

On the road he asked Ned several questions, and Miss Derham becoming of course the subject of conversation, Ned said, "that she was the best Lady in the world." Colonel Walsingham did not seem tired of this subject, and as Ned was a perfect enthusiast in her panegyric, began to inquire a little into this poor lad's affairs, and asked him, how so good a Lady came to say that he was a bad boy. Poor Ned pleaded guilty to the charge, and related his guilt in something like the following strain:

"Sir, your honour was partly the cause of my fault, for I had not heard a drum so long before you marched through the village, that it made me almost mad. I marched into quarters with them, for the drum-boy to your honour's

own

own company is an old comrade of mine. He treated me, for I had no money.-"Do not you write verses sometimes, my boy?" cried the Colonel.-" When I have time, Sir," replied Ned. Sir, as I had no money, and he treated me, I thought I could not refuse to stay and fup with him; and then I staid all night, and we drank fome grog over night, which the major treated me with. -" Drum or fergeant?"-" Drummajor, your honour, and I was thirsty next morning, and drank some ale; and my old comrade defired me to stay, and I did not come home till the third day; and, indeed, Sir, if it were not for my love to Mr. Braddyl's family, I believe I should have joined your honour's divifion, for the major faid I beat very well.

"Your love for Mr. Braddyl's family!" cried Col. Walfingham; he smiled at the idea, and it seemed to afford him complete amusement till he arrived at his

friend's house.

The joy which the meeting between these old comrades mutually afforded, can only be conceived by those who have, in moments of danger, toil and difficulty, borne testimony to the severest trial of the virtue of a friend, and who thus taught to esteem him, embrace him for What enhanced the pleasures of this meeting was, that an old comrade of both, who had retired to a small estate in the next county, had arrived at Wharton's house on the preceding morning, with intent to pass some days with him. Dinner was soon announced, Mrs. Wharton made her appearance, and Walsingham, who had not seen her before, was introduced: He sound her handsome and well-bred; nor was he long in discovering that she was sensible

and good-humoured.

The dinner was plain but excellent of its kind. Soon after the cloth was removed, Mrs. Wharton retired with a female relation, who was on a vifit to her, and left our three friends to tell old ftories over a bottle of Old Port. had worn out pretty nearly three campaigns, when Capt. Meadows (for thus was the third man of the party named) proposed a stroll round Wharton's farm, in which propofal Walfingham readily joined him, and though Wharton had yet the affair of Brandy-wine to go through, he was compelled to fubmit, and out they fallied. They had not proceeded far in their walk before Walfingham's eyes were attracted by a very picturesque cottage.

cottage. Few things could boaft a more attractive appearance than this lovely little retirement; the roof was newly thatched, the walls had been lately whitewashed, and the paling and gates were fresh painted.—" That," Wharton, " has been, till within this month, my place of refidence; but I have quitted it on the prospect of an increase in my family."—Meadows smiled.
—" He will have it," continued Wharton, addressing himself to Walsingham, " that I am grown too big for my house: However it may be, I still love the Eutaws, for fo have I named this little plantation, Sidney, though it nearly proved the ruin of me; it was here I began farming."

Walfingham, who had imbibed, probably from inattention, the commonplace prejudices on this subject, observed that no gentleman ever farmed with advantage to himself.—"Nay," said Wharton, "you must argue that point with my tutor there; I believed that I had the strongest reasons to think as you do formerly, but I am now convinced that I was mistaken." Meadows, whose hobby-horse was his farm, thought it now high time to enter upon the defence of

his favourite occupation.

"It was about four years ago," faid he, "that our friend here," clapping Wharton on the shoulder, "first resolved to retire to this fpot, and, by cultivating a part of the little estate, which his foldier-like disposition had left him, to increase an income of which his halfpay was now by far the best moiety. rode over to fee him on my arrival into the country, and reached his little cottage about noon. I faw my friend in an elegant riding-dress; for you know, he was, when in the regiment, a fashionable young man. He fprung forward, and, after giving me a most cordial welcome, shewed me a spud, which served him as a walking-stick. "You fee," faid he, "I am a complete farmer; but, my dear Meadows, nothing could be more lucky than your arrival here today."-" I have a military party from a neighbouring town, into which their regiment marched the other day, to dine with me, and drink my last dozen of claret, for I find my farm will not afford claret."-" I inquired what his farm confifted of, and was told about thirty acres. His claret, indeed, he gave up from that day; but, upon a visit to him, a twelvemonth afterwards, I found that he still kept on two handsome saddle horses and a groom. The horses," he said, "were necessary to assist an old carthorse in the farming business, and the

groom affifted at harvest.

" Of two maid-servants, whom Mrs. Wharton had brought with her from town; neither could milk, to do which they were obliged, daily to hire a woman in the neighbourhood. I found that our friend feldom arose before ten, and that he dined between four and five. I asked him how his farming accounts stood for the last year. He said but poorly; but that he had, however, found out one error, which he was determined to avoid for the future. He had grown a great many oats during the last year, which should have gone to market, but they had been confumed in his stable by the horses of his visitors; in short, he believed he must not visit so much in future; neither did he, know exactly what to do with his own horses, for being used to the saddle, they were so restive at cart, that it always required two men to drive them, and he could not trust a boy in that employment, even at plough. When I found him in this disposition, I judged that I might, with a prospect of success, state to him those truths, which before he had in some measure experienced, their validity would have been certainly rejected.

"I do not know," faid I, " whether you will be much inclined to believe me when I tell you, that a poor farmer, who acquired a subfistence from the quantity of land you hold, must work so much, that he would fearcely find himself in a better fituation than that of a day-labourer, for the little produce of thirty acres would be half eaten up by the wages of a fingle labourer throughout the year; nor could he find employment for two horses during above half the year, upon an average, and yet without two the work cannot be done. But what is your fituation? You have three horses, two of which, confessedly, are useless, for a horse may as well not work as employ a man for the fole purpose of holding his head; and you have an idle fellow of a groom, if you place him in the farming account, whom five hundred instead of thirty acres would not enable you to keep, even if they were well-looked after. But how is your farm looked after? for four of the best hours in the day (I mean from fix to ten) your labourers, confessedly, do what they please, and for two hours in the evening (I mean while

while you are at dinner) perhaps no-

thing.'

" In fhort," faid Wharton, interrupting him, " I found the truth of these affertions fully evinced in the daily decrease of my little funds, when a relation of Mrs. Wharton dying, left us very much at our ease. I have paid off a heavy mortgage on my own estate, which I have the pleasure, when I look round me, to see submitted again to its old master. I now farm enough of it to employ three horses, and, besides getting back my rent, find a tolerable increase of my income, in the advantage it affords, as well to my kitchen as to my stable. I should, perhaps, take more land into my own hands; but I confess, I do not feel myself intitled, with my present income, to grasp at those profits which are the right of a poorer man, and may, in the hands of an industrious farmer, become the means of bringing up a family in that middle state between affluence and want, which is, perhaps, best calculated to form good subjects and citizens."

This conversation brought them home to tea. Walfingham paffed the evening with his friend, and returned the next

morning to the Down.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IX.

THE SLY PROGRESS OF LOVE.

HE good old Pecr, who doated on his daughter, and dwelt with inexpressible pleasure on her most trisling actions, beheld daily, with increasing enthusiasm, her progress in the attainment of those accomplishments which adorn, while they amuse, the mind. In all these, the best masters had concurred to form her taste from her earliest infancy, and she excelled in all! If, indeed, there was one to which the was particularly attached, it was the creative power of the pencil; a genius which gave her uncommon facility in all, led her peculiarly to this study, and she posfessed an eye so strictly, so unaffectedly true, to the various beauties of nature, that the powers of her masters were foon exhausted; they declared that they could do no more, and C-f-ns, one of them, has compared her designs in majesty and freedom to those of Mrs. H-rc-t.

It was a pleafing fight to behold the good old Peer hanging with transport over his daughter's works, and to mark his admiration grow with every line she drew. His pride in her was too great to be pent within the confines of his own breaft. Her perfections were his constant theme, and it is thought that he would fometimes dwell on them with as much pleasure, as on the glorious day of Minden. He would not unfrequently attempt to awaken Sir Harry into a discussion of this talent in his daughter; but as the Baronet had little tafte for it, his approbation was cool, and the subject died away. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that Lord Derham fought to ease his heart on this subject to Col. Walfingham; he found no cool reception there his praises were re-echoed with an ardour. the extent of which he alone could have neglected to observe, for he thought no praise on this subject could be greater than his daughter merited. The efforts of genius are thoroughly felt by genius The operations of such a mind as Miss Derham's would have exacted the praise of Walfingham, in any fituation; but viewed as the works of his coufin! --- a stranger, who had chanced to overhear their conversation on this subject, would have accused Walfingham of gross flattery, or deep design, had not an earn-D 2 estness

countenance, a glistening eye which art cannot assume, forbidden the surmise. To the good father it appeared nothing extraordinary, and the discussion generally ended in Lord Derham's taking Walfingham by the hand, and saying, in short, "my dear Sydney, she is a

most extraordinary girl."-

Walfingham's defire of hearing the praises of his tovely cousin, became foon adequate to Lord Derham's defire of repeating them; in fhort they were foon their fole topic in a tête à tête, and theie tête-à-têtes did not at all tend to the diminution of Walfingham's friendship and esteem for his amiable relation. He Arolled with her frequently to Braddyl's cottage. They walked or rode together round the romantic borders of the Lake: two hearts were never, probably, more alive to the beauties, and nature, probably, in no earthly fituation, unfolds herfelf to the feeling heart, in more wild and winning charms, than in this lovely country.

Every scene became a study to Miss Derham, and Sydney found himself again enamoured of an art in which he had once excelled, but which he had long neglected; in short, he took up

the

the pencil again. Sir Harry Sapsworth was not frequently of these parties; he fometimes, indeed, lounged with them to Braddyl's; but he was generally engaged in researches too deep to permit the waste of a precious hour in gazing (as he would facetiously say) at brown rocks and basons of water. In short, he was at that time deep in the study of the three only authors, who have greatly concurred in forming the complete man of the town—the learned Hoyle. I beg no reader will difgrace him, by mistaking the initial of this name for a B-. The laborious Weatherby, compiler of the Racing Calendar, and the illustrious lage, who furnishes the world annually with a work of wit and erudition, called The Court Calendar .- Thus passed the hours at Derham-Down, till the time approached which Lord Derham had fixed on for his departure to the metropolis; it was only a few days previous to this period that, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, Lord Derham turned his eyes towards the door, to watch the last servant out of the roomfilled his glas-pushed the bottle towards Colonel Walfingham, who fat next to him-drank the glass, which, with him, was always facred to the health

health of his gracious master, and be-

gan as follows:

" Sir Harry, as there are none but friends present, my coufin Sydney here I honour and love; he is to me a fecond felf. Col. Walfingham bowed. I wish to talk to you on a few circumstances. which occur to me as necessary arrangements previous to the period, when you will take from me a treasure, which, I think, few men have to bestow, and fewer still could bear the loss of." A tear stood in the good old man's eye. "It is true, by heavens!" continued he: " do not blush, my girl!" Site W accircle.

"Come, Sir," cried Walfingham, in a voice half stifled, "drink your glass." The tone of his voice called the attention of Miss Derham towards him. He was pale-his .hand trembled as he poured out the wine, and his eye met her's with an expression which conveyed to her heart, with the rapidity of the elective fire, a shock, which he had received from the speech of Lord Derham: In thort, they became instantaneously acquainted with a truth, which they had, probably, before concealed from themselves .- Walfingham arose; "I have hurried this glass, my Lord, because

cause I must leave you: I have letters to write."

"Do not leave us from ceremony," cried Lord Derham: "We have nothing to talk of but what you may hear, and what, indeed, you will gladly hear, as it concerns your cousin's future welfare." Walsingham bowed, and retired.—

Compelled to open his eyes to his own fituation, Walfingham had now time to muse on the danger of it, and he soon perceived that his only resource was flight; for a flighter fense of honour than reigned in his bosom, would have forbidden the bare thought of abusing Lord Derham's friendship, by the least attempt to throw an impediment in the way of a marriage, which he had planned, and the prospect of which he feemed to look up to with fo much pleafure. Impressed with these sentiments, Walfingham would have quitted the Down immediately, could he have devifed a ready excuse for such conduct : He began, however, to reflect that Lord Derham's stay at the Down would now be very short, and he determined to avoid the danger of any farther fociety with his too lovely coufin, by remaining in quarters instead of accompanying them to town, as he had at first

proposed.

Miss Derham made much the same reflections. She had consented to marry Sir Harry, to whom she had no dislike, because that marriage was the desire of a father, whose slightest wish she had never known how to oppose. She felt uneasy on the first discovery of the situation of her heart; but she hoped, by absence and reason, to efface an impression, half of which she imputed to friendship and consanguinity.

From this period, to the day on which they departed for London, Walfingham and Miss Derham scarcely ever met, for they studiously avoided each other; and so well had the former prepared himself for the hour of parting, that he looked pale indeed; but Miss Derham herself could scarcely discover the sigh, which he smothered as he

handed her into the coach.

# CHAP. X.

#### A SKETCH BY MOON-LIGHT.

TEHIND Braddyl's cottage is a very D steep ascent, planted with a few fruit trees, which hang over one another, and between which a path, or rather a flight of uncouth, irregular steps, winds along to the fummit. On this fummit is a stile, which commands an extensive view of the irregular beauties which nature has fo lavishly bestowed on that part of our island. The moon fulpended her filver lamp from a pure vault of unspotted azure. She rode in tranquil majesty—the scene below the cliff was but dimly discovered. The eye in vain lought for objects to which it was familiarized in the day time, and the void which possessed the spot where they were wont to appear, fixed on the mind a melancholy, though not unpleafing impression. Ned Sandford and his Betly, allured by the beauty of the evening, had climbed the orchard path, and leated themselves on the stile. They amused themselves for some time in guessing at the form of those well-known objects, which were now scarcely visible, through D 5 the: the dim veil which was spread below the cliff.

"I do not know how it is," cried Ned, "that when one fees an extensive prospect, one always wishes to travel over it, and yet one makes distinctions. When I look from here to the other fide of the lake, I do not find the inclination very strong, and yet I would any day travel to the fide of the lake for the pleasure of looking at this very stile, and thinking such a train of thoughts" -" What thoughts, Ned?" "Why, in the first place, I call to mind that your cottage is just behind it, and then I guess at what you may be doing; but the hope of reaching the very spot at fuch an hour, leaping over the stile, running down the orchard path, and being received with an hearty welcome by your honest good father." "I do not know how it is," cried Betfy; "but one's heart is always fo open of a fine moon-light night, the scene is so calm and serene, it throws such a filver light - ." Ned paused, and suddenly springing, with a most romantic gesture, threw himself on one knee at Betsy's feet, and cried,

" Lady, by yonder bleffed moon I fwear,

<sup>&</sup>quot;That tips with filver all these fruit-tree tops"

" Ah, Ned! Ned;" cried Betfy, "my poor boy! will you never leave off your idle tricks? Indeed," cried she, stroking his head as he rose, " you will never be rich if you go on fo, and then you know ---." Betfy was here interrupted by a cough—near her—not a violent one-but fuch as is produced by an attempt to check a laugh, and Colonel Walfingham turned fhort upon them. Since Lord Derham's departure for London, Colonel Walfingham had paffed many hours at Braddyl's cottage; if he had asked himself why he did so, I have no doubt he would have answered, that it was in compliance with the request of his Lordship and Miss Derham, who had resigned over the cottage, and its inhabitants, to his protection during their absence. Such might be his motive: It is certain, however, that he listened with wonderful attention to the good-natured garrulity of Mrs. Braddyl, who would have fatigued a more phlegmatic man with anecdotes of her dear young Lady: In truth, the good woman had stored a pretty tenacious memory with thefe tales, and there was scarcely a circumstance in Miss Derham's life, from the time when she first attempted to lisp out her little thoughts to that, when, having quitted

quitted the family, Mrs. Braddyl had only been able to pick up these trisling ftories from the other fervants, which she could not most accurately relate, and which, indeed, was now almost the daily theme of her praise. One of these anecdotes particularly firuck Walfingham; but whether from the old Lady's mode of telling the story, or from any thing inherent in itself, it may be difficult to determine. It was fimply this, when the was about nine years old the was attacked by a cough, which gave her phylicians some anxiety for her fafety. They prescribed affes milk, and a she ass was kept in the Park for the purpose of Supplying it. This als was accompanied by a foal, which was generally muzzled, that it might not drain the mother of her milk.

There is an indescribable imposence in the countenance of these animals, and its successful endeavours to suck had long excited the pity of the lovely little mistress, when one morning her attendants missed her, and the house became instantaneously a scene of confusion and alarm. After a long search, she was at length found in the Park on her knees before her favourite foal, kissing its

\* its innocent nose, and tearing her little fingers in attempts to free it from its restraints, by unbuckling the muzzle. This, would Walfingham exclaim, is a most lovely picture! Nor do I know by what allegory Sir Joshua could half so beautifully, half so truly delineate Christian charity.

The young couple started as Walsingham approached, and there was light enough to discover that they blushed.— "So, Betsy," cried the Colonel, "a moon-light night opens the—." "Dear, Sir, do not"—"But there is something so still, and amidst that stillness the sound of the voice."—

" How liver-sweet found lovers tongues by night !"

"You see, Ned, I can quote upon occasion," resumed the Colonel. Ned blushed more deeply than before. At this moment the shrill voice of Mrs. Braddylwas heard, "piercing the night's dull ear," in quest of Betsy. My mother, as I live! cried Betsy; what shall I do?— "Come," said Col. Walsingham, "I will go in with you: I came to pass half an hour with your father.

Chac'd one another down its innocent note.

SHAKESPEARL.

Ned, go round, there is a good lad."—
"Dear, Sir, you need not mention
Ned's being with me, because Mr. Black
has given my mother a strange dislike to
the poor boy, and, indeed, Sir, he does

not deferve it."

Col. Walfingham promised to be filent on the subject; at the same time, however, he thought proper to talk a little feriously to Betsy: He represented her imprudence to her with affectionate warmth, and, it is probable, that his representations had more effect on her, than the harsh lectures of her mother; for she became grave during the rest of the evening, almost to tears. The beauty, good-nature, and unadorned understanding of this girl, attached him strongly; but he had one motive which, perhaps, interested him more powerfully in her favour. She was the little darling of Miss Derham. He knew her anxiety for her welfare, and he looked upon her conduct as a facred deposit, which he was bound to watch over during her absence. In these sentiments he was not a little affisted, by that pride which whispered to him, that his conduct on this occasion was the impulse of a fervent but disinterested love, as he had not dared to indulge the thought of feeing Mifs

Miss Derham again, but as the wife of Sir Harry Sapsworth; and had perfuaded himself, that he should see her in that situation with a heart resigned to its loss.

The evenings at Braddyl's cottage were not unpleasing to a man like Walfingham, who possessed a strong mind with no inconfiderable share of philosophy; who, at an early age, initiated into the gayer scenes of life, had, from an eager pursuit of fashionable pleasures, lowered their estimation in his own mind to what was, perhaps, nearly their true standard; and fudden disgust had not driven him to feek for all happinefs in the contrary extreme. From long experience, and fome reflection, he was led to draw this conclusion-that the true end of fashionable pleasures is, to enhance the joys of retirement.

The clean state of Mrs. Braddyl's furniture—the pride which the old soldier expressed, in every action, at the Colonel's visit—the simple attachment of Ned and Betsy (to watch the minutest emotions of which was a grateful task to a stricken heart) concurred with the veneration for Miss Derham, which was the uninterrupted theme of the whole family, to render an evening at the cot-

waste a frequent amusement to Golonel Walsingham; nor did an unbounded generolity of disposition render his visits

less grateful to them.

Walfingham foon perceived that he had damped the joys of his little favourite Betly, by the ferious advice he had given her, and the demure fcowl of Mrs. Braddyl upon poor Ned's entrance at the front door, was but little calculated to raise her spirits. Ned was very. quick-fighted, at an infult a full of indignation overspread his face, and he hesitated whether he should enter the toom, till Colonel Walfingham exclaimed, "Brother foldier! I am glad to see you." This welcome was repeated by old Braddyl, and Ned was encouraged to fit down; he foon forgot Mrs. Braddyl's folemnity, and his heart began to dilate: When he cast his eyes on Betly, his spirits sunk. Colonel Walfingham now perceived that he had damped the joys of the evening; this his good-nature told him was unkind, however praise worthy his intention might have been.

In the course of his serious conversation with Betsy, a scheme had suggested itself to him, which would, probably, contribute more to the safety of the girl, than than any thing he could fay, and might in the end become the foundation of her happiness in an union with her favourite Ned. This was no other than to take Ned into his fervice, in which fittuation, if he found the boy's disposition, as he believed it to be, really good, he thought he might meet with some opportunity of placing him above the reach of poverty. The fame good nature which fuggested this scheme, suggested to him also, that a hint of his intention, at this time, would more effectually contribute to the happiness of the little society in which he then fat, than any other mode he could devise.

In the course of the conversation he asked Ned if he understood a horse. Old Braddyl answered, "that it had been the boy's missfortune to be fond of a stable; it seldom leads to any good," added the old man. Walsingham, who selt that attachment strong in himself, smiled—"I am going to part with my groom, Ned; will you come and live with me?" Ned's eye glistened as he answered, "Will I, your honour?" Mrs. Braddyl lowered her spectacles to listen. Old Braddyl began to lecture Ned on his future behaviour.—Bersy clapped her hands, leaped, with a sudden emotion.

from

from her chair, and in two minutes she faw Ned with a well-dreffed head, a blue coat, and a scarlet waistcoat, with a gold lace, prefiding at a fide-board in the distinguished character of a butler. "Ned," cried fhe, with earnestness, " you must get rid of that little soldier's cap."-Walfingham burst into a laugh, and old Braddyl faid, "he would hang it up in his parlour for Ned's fake." In fhort, it was late before the Colonel, who had ordered his horses to the Nag's-Head, quitted the cottage, indulging himself in reflecting, at how small a price we may beltow an hour's happiness on the heart of a fellow-creature.

Colonel Walfingham had not long quitted the cottage before Betfy retired to bed, and Ned took his departure towards a peafant's hut, where he lodged, his heart highly elated with his promifed promotion. Mr. Braddyl put on his red worsted night-cap, and Mrs. Braddyl unfastened a black filk roll, over which her grey locks were smoothly combed in the day-time: Braddyl stirred up the embers.-" I am glad, Dame," cried he, putting down the poker, "that Ned is in fuch luck."-" I hope, my dear," replied Mrs. Braddyl, demurely, "that he may deferve it."-" I will answer for him."

him," faid Braddyl.—" Answer for him! You are always ready to answer for other people. Mr. Black, who is a very fensible man, cannot bear him." "No, because when he fits talking his infidelity and stuff here, to you and Betfy, the boy turns him into ridicule." " Infidelity, indeed! Gentlemen of the town have more free maxims than we." -" He shall not let loose his free maxims among you and my girl, talking of the virtues and happiness of kept women-a parcel of well dreft b---!" -For shame, Braddyl; he likes Luke Level; he fays he has more fense in his little finger than Ned has in his whole body."-" Luke! a fneaking, canting rascal! They are just alike; that has made them fo much together lately."-"He fays, I shall never make any thing of my girl while that boy is about; and, indeed, she does grow very idle lately, always with a book in her hand, or some nonsense. She is old enough, as he fays, to get a good place in London; but that boy has made her believe that our young Lady would be angry at the: mention of fuch a thing."

The boy is right; he is a d——d clever boy, and the Colonel is a noble fellow, and fo I shall draw another pint

ration drew from Mrs. Braddyl fome moral reflections, with an observation on the evil habit of swearing, and on temperance, to which Braddyl did not shem to pay much attention; he drank the Colonel's health, and they retired to bed.

# CHAP. XI.

town have more free muzims that we?

### SIST SA WINTER PIECE TO

orden - A narrel of well draft be-

fave le has more Jenfe in his DECEMBER had shed its chill in-fluence over Windermere, which already became stained with descending torrenis, the troubles of its bofom clouded the pure filver of its face; it feemed to mourn the loss of the fun, who, gaptivated by more fouthern beauties, foldom deigned to give it even a passing kis; though not four months before he had flept the live-long fummer day on its break, when the veil of mist, which it generally affumed at the dawn and close of day, was removed; it was removed like the veil of the mourner, to discover a melancholy and dreary aspect; the feathered choir which enlivened its banks

banks were fled. In their place the wild water-fowl was feen fometimes leading its varying files to high in air, that the gabbling murmur of their march could fearcely be heard, and fometimes dancing, in foliary flate, upon its bosom.

It was one evening, at this leafon of the year, some time after the hint which Colonel Walfingham had given to Ned Sanford, that Braddyl's family met round the fire after the hours of work. The evening was bleak and difmal, and they contrived to expel it from a neat kirchen, where they fat, by making faft the windows and doors, and keeping an extraordinary faggot on the fire. Ned had worked hard that day; but more, perhaps, in contemplation of his future advancement, than in recompence for his labour: Mrs. Braddyl, who was a prudent woman, and really as fond of Ned as prudence can be of imprudence. asked him to sit down at the tea-table. I have faid, that Mrs. Braddyl's kitchen was a neat one; if there is fuch a being as the Deity of Comfort, this little spot might well be fliled his temple: It was a good fized fquare room, with a floor of brick, which it was Mrs. Braddyl's pride to keep as red as her husband's The wans were whitenight-cap. washed,

washed, a circumstance which, indeed, you could not very well discover, as they were almost covered with utenfils of various kinds; rows of pewter plates, which might serve for mirrors-saucepans, frying.pans, warming-pans, and all the pans that ever were invented, in the same state of polish. An old farmhouse kitchen chimney occupied almost one fide of the room, within which were feats, calculated to baffle the efforts of even a Greenland frost. The hearth was raised for the purpose of burning wood, with which it was plentifully fupplied, for the patronage of Lord Derham had placed Braddyl in very eafy circumstances. The little round threelegged deal table was placed before the fire with the tea things. Betfy was occupied in making a toaft, which Ned struggled for, and took from her, in tenderness to her complexion, after she had almost burnt her eyes out : In short, the hour of tea passed in a state of bliss, which would be poorly described by faying that kings might envy it. The tea things were removed, Mrs. Braddyl and Betfy produced their work, which confifted of divers repairs in the garments of old Braddyl, who began to light a pipe in the chimney corner.

"Do, Burley," cried Betfy, "tell us

fome story, or read fomething to us while we are at work."-" Aye do," added old Braddyl and Dame; "I am fure the porker has been cut up long enough; do let us have a bit of griskin for supper: I am plaguy hungry, and I am fure Ned's threshing has got him an appetite."-" With all my heart, dear," replied Mrs. Braddyl .- "Come, Ned," cried Betfy.-" I do not recollect any, Betfy, and I have no book about me." -" What was that you was going to read to me this morning?"-" That was poetry."-" Come, let us have that." -Ned began to blush. "But your father and mother will not like that." -" Indeed, Ned, but I do like poetry," cried Mrs. Braddyl; "there are fo many fine words in it, and they chime fo at the end of the line."-" As for me," faid old Braddyl, "I like poetry when it is sense. Now, "The unthrifty Heir of Lynn," or "The Dragon of Wantley," or "Chevy Chase." "Come, Ned, fire away, my boy; you will not talk nonfense, I am fure."-" Bet," (some ale wench) "I do not like a dry pipe, and Ned shall wet his whistle." "Do not begin before I come again, then Ned," cried Betfy, with the most anxious tone of voice. Ned fprang up, pinned her down in her chair, drew the ale himself,

## CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

and, pulling a paper out of his pocket, read, in an animated tone, as follows:

#### A BALLAD.

I ONG upon the night had roll'd

The thunder of the evening gun,

And the pickets long had form'd,

Guided by the fetting fun.

Midnight veil'd the filent plain,
Dimly was the white camp feen;
Whose but Fanny's printless foot
Lightly treads the dusky green?

Mear the wakeful quarter guard Many a hollow step resounds; Brisk the sentry's challenge slies, Answer'd by the wary rounds.

Silent as they pass along,
And their footsteps die away;
Lo! a shadowy form is seen,
Faintly through the twilight grey.

Henry's rattling arms are heard,
For the watch-word as he calls—
"Sentry! ah! forbear to fire,
"Or thy comrade's Fanny falls!"

"And is it thou?" fond Henry cries;
"Friend advance, devoid of fear,
"And the counterlign disclose,

"Breathe it gently in my car."

liew the aic am

"Tis love!" replied the blushing maid,
As upon his neck she hung;
"To morrow when the line is form'd—"

Swelling forrow check'd her tongue.

Every

Rifing from the rustling straw,
Up the sturdy soldier springs,
Joying in his idler fate,
Where the drum-boy sits and sings.

" Prithee, corp'ral, at my prayer, " Guard my Fanny to the lines;

"Yonder, at her father's hut,
"See a watch-light dimly shines."

" What! is this Old Soaker's girl?
" Come with me, love, never fear,

" I will place you near his post; " He is ferjeant of the rear."

She at Henry cast a glance,
Mingling soft reproach with forrow;
"Cruel! thus to force me hence!
"And the line to move to-morrow!"

Scarcely had the morning grey
Deck'd the mifty mountain's fide,
Halfily along the front,
When we faw the General ride.

Soon the pickets all came in,

Not a drum was heard to found;

But the columns duly form'd,

March'd in filence from their ground.

By the turning of a wood,

From a bold commanding height,
Soon a strong and steady fire
Open'd fiercely on our right.

"Pass the word to form the line,
For the General now discerns
Squadrons wheeling on our left;
"Forward!"—How the battle burns!

Long and bloody is the fight,

Ere the foe begins to yield;

But the gay meridian fun

Sees us masters of the field.

'Midst her Henry's comrades now
See the trembling Fanny slies;
For her lover's well-known form,
Darting her inquiring eyes.

" Where shall I my Henry find?
" Prithee, gentle soldier, tell

- "Where—Ah! fie upon these tears!
  "Where he is—or where he fell!"
- " Lovely girl, I have not feen "Henry fince a heavy fire,

" Made our gallant corps retire."

There our captain too was lost.'3

Tears bedew'd the soldier's eyes;

Fanny, heaving one sad sigh,

Breathless now before him lies.

One who mark'd her fading form,
Sink beneath her fond alarms;
Rush'd imperuous to her aid,
And receiv'd her in his arms.

"Henry here!" the foldier cries;
At the magic of that name,
The vigour which had almost left
Revisited her tender frame.

"Henry," cries a fergeant near,
"Here thy name in orders see."

"From this moment thou, my lad, "Haft a right to roll with me."

"For thy captain, who to none "Doth in worth, or valour yield;

" Vaunts aloud thy bold return,
"To bear him from the bloody field.

" And here his bounties but begin, " So he wills me to declare."

" Oh! be he for those bounties blest,

" Since this and all must Fanny share."

Ned was happy enough to have this little specimen applauded by his whole audience, which, indeed, only confifted of the persons above-mentioned, for it was Wednesday, and Luke Level was gone to an evening meeting.-Mrs. Braddyl, however, mixed her praise with some little censure; for there were not quite fine words enough in it for her tafte, and Braddyl himself had taken his pipe from his mouth to make a few observations, inspired by the all-potent and universal spirit of criticism, when a knock at the door interrupted him. Ned ran to open the door, where he found three men, two of whom only he knew; one of them, who happened to be constable of the parish, asked for neighbour Braddyl, and they all entered the kitchen. Braddyl, according to his custom, made them all sit down, before he would suffer them to speak a word: when the constable, turning towards E the

the stranger, who was a very shabbylooking fellow, asked him if he knew

any body in that room.

The fellow answered, without hesitation, "Yes, that is the young man, and I will swear to him." This declaration, obscure as it was, caused an universal alarm among the inhabitants of the cottage, and this obscurity only ceased to convert that alarm into the most dreadful consternation, upon the constable's turning to Ned, with these words: "Burley, I am forry for you; but you are

charged with a footpad robbery."

Poor Betfy, pale as death, stammered. out-how !--when !--where !--he has not been from us !- Many months ago, replied the constable, at Marston. Here Betsy gave a faint shriek, and fell back in her chair. Ned, Braddyl and his wife, all flew to her in an instant: It is an infamous accufation, cried Ned; as I hope for eternal mercy it is false. Poor Betsy was carried up stairs by her mother, where we will leave her for the present. The feeling mind will pourtray to itself, in stronger colours than it is possible for me to bestow on it, the aggravated distress of her tender, honest heart on this occasion, nor do I think the good-natured reader will thank me for dwelling

dwelling on the subject. Poor Braddyl, scarcely more alive than his daughter, asked of the stranger the particulars of the transaction, who bluntly told him, that he reserved them for the ear of the magistrate, before whom he desired the boy might be carried. The constable told him it was impossible, as the nearest magistrate lived at some distance. Braddyl then said to the constable, "Neighbour, will you trust the boy with me tonight? he shall be forth coming."

Ned, checking as well as he could the tear which struggled in his eye, thanked Braddyl for his friendship; but told him, he was resolved to structure to the utmost rigour of his fate. He then took Braddyl in his arms, "God for ever bless you, Sir," cried he, "I shall never forget your kindness, whatever may happen to me. God bless you and your family." He could get no farther; he loosed Braddyl from his embrace, and

turned away.

Braddyl drew his right-hand across his brow, and squeezed Ned's hand with his left, but said nothing. He recovered his voice, however, before they had reached the wicket gate, told Ned to keep up his spirits, and he would attend him to the justice's in the morning. The stranger

stranger retired to the Nag's Head, where he had taken up his quarters. The conflable, who was a farmer in the village, and a good-natured fellow, gave Ned a bed in his own house, whither he retired to spend a miserable night; nor was the horror of his fituation a little increased by the destruction of those hopes which Col. Walfingham had given him, and on which he had raifed a most magnificent structure; for poor Ned, among other misfortunes which he poffessed in common with men of genius, was a great castle builder.

## in contract CHAP. XII.

AN EXAMINATION BY A MAGISTRATE IN A SINGULAR STYLE.

HE next morning Ned, accompanied by the stranger, the constable and Braddyl, was carried before Mr. Wharton, who happened to be the nearest acting magistrate. Mr. Wharton, who, as Ned had told the Colonel, was one of his best masters, was very much furprifed, and really concerned at feeing him in that fituation. He took

his chair, with a countenance in which much concern was visible. The profecutor was called up, and, previous to his being fworn, received a very folemn admonition (an admonition more necesfary than fashionable) from the justice; to every period of which he answered, lifting his eyes and his right-hand to . heaven, "God forbid that he should forswear himself to take away a fellowcreature's life!" When the book was offered him he refused, after the ordinary form, to put his lips to it; but infifted after what he termed, the form of his own church, to be fworn with the righthand on the book, and the left held up, observing, that it might appear over nice; but an oath was a folemn thing, and on that point he had scruples. He then gave a clear and circumstantial account of his robbery, nearly as follows: That he was clerk to an attorney in London; that, at the time the robbery was committed, he was going to fee fome relations, who lived at a town about forty miles lower down in the country; that in his journey he stopped at Marston, to take some refreshment; and that, in the dusk of the evening, as he was going out of town, he was followed by the prisoner and a soldier. whom

whom he did not recollect; that the prisoner seized him, while the other man stood aloof, and robbed him of his watch and money; that, on his return through Derham, after having spent some time with his relation, he saw the prisoner, and immediately recollected him.

The justice then defired that he would fix the precise time of the transaction, and, after some hesitation, he said, seven o'clock. Poor Ned was then, with great mildness, asked what he had to say to the charge? He answered, as God is my judge, I never faw that man before in my life! I am as innocent as you, Sir! The justice defired he would recollect, if possible, where and how he spent the evening on which the robbery was faid to be committed.-Were you at Marston? added he.-I certainly was, Sir, faid Ned .- Do you recollect who were your companions on this evening?—Ned paused at this question; a deep blush fuffufed his face, and he stammered out, that it was fo long ago he could not recollect. The countenance of Mr. Wharton fell.-Poor Braddyl looked wild, and the profecutor affumed a double degree of demureness.-" Do, child," cried Braddyl, " recollect who might be

in your company in the course of this unfortunate evening." "Unfortunate, indeed, Sir!" fighed Ned.—"Perhaps some of Col. Walsingham's regiment?"—"I think so, Sir," added Ned; "but I cannot tell who, at any particular hour."

Mr. Wharton again cautioned the profecutor against swearing rashly on such an occasion, and again questioned him as to the identity of the boy.—The prosecutor's recollection seemed to have acquired new force. He again swore to his perfect knowledge of his person; and the duty of his office compelled. Mr. Wharton to sign his commitment.

As the poor lad quitted the room, however, he desired him, in a gentle tone of voice, not to be cast down, asfuring him, that, if he was innocent, he should fuffer no injury. When the room was cleared, Mr. Wharton called poor Braddyl, who followed the conftable, more dead than alive, into his study.-" Braddyl," faid he, "though there is some mystery in this poor boy's conduct, I myself think he is innocent: I would not have his mind contaminated by the fociety of a prison. You mean, I suppose, to accompany him to his place of confinement?"-Braddyl an-E 5 fwered.

fwered, that he did.—Stay then, faid he, till I write a note to the gaoler; he will, I am fure, at my request, provide this boy with a separate room.—Braddyl thanked him, with tears in his eyes, declaring, at the same time, that his intention in accompanying Ned to the prison was to make the same request.—It will, however, be probably better done in this way, said Wharton, giving him the note, with which Braddyl followed the party to a public-house in the village, from whence they immediately

On their journey, for which honest Braddyl was at the expence of a post-

Braddyl was at the expence of a postchaise, poor Ned seemed wholly oppressed with gratitude toward his liberal benefactor, whom he thanked, more with tears than words; nor was such homage unaccepted by the generous old soldier, though his mind was little alive to science, his heart was feelingly awake to virtue. The facrifice of a tear was acknowledged, though not analyzed; nor did the most stifled sob of poor Ned pass unnoticed: He registered them all, and placed them on the debtor's side, with as much accuracy as he would formerly have bestowed on the company's pay bill, in the great account of grati-

After a melancholy journey, for the constable, unhacknied in scenes of which he was, according to the modern phrase, much in the habits, in an obscure part of Westmoreland, configned his prey over to the gaoler, with rather more remorfe than would have been felt by a Bow-street runner. Poor Ned took possession of his new quarters, where the gaoler, upon the perusal of the magiltrate's note, affured Braddyl he should want for nothing, and the difconfolate old man returned, fondly preparing a detail of the comforts of poor Ned's fituation, to counteract the melancholy news of his commitment; nor was his knowledge of human nature a little conspicuous in this arrangement. Poor Betly, and even her mother; for Mrs. Braddyl was from this misfortune became Ned's firm friend, and even! censured Mr. Wharton for committing him-wept over the poor boy's misfortunes, till they were naturally led on to inquire how he was probably employed at that juncture. Braddyl seized that opportunity to descant on the comforts of his apartment, the protection of the justice, and the politeness of the gaoler, till

till Mrs. Braddyl began to think it might turn out better than they expected; nay even a lucky thing for the boy and poor Betsy. Though her morning pillow was wet with her tears, she found a ray of comfort gleam through the hours of the night, and cherished a beam of hope amidst all the gloom of woe.

## CHAP. XIII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY PROCEEDS.

FTER some consideration, Braddyl refolved to apply, in Ned's favour, to Colonel Walfingham, greatly induced to it by Betfy's conviction of the Colonel's goodness of heart, and of Ned's innocence; when, to his infinite concern, he heard that the Colonel had left the country on the preceding day; fothat his good wishes were all that he at present could bestow on poor Ned, whom we likewife are compelled (for a while) to leave to the perfecution of his evil genius.-Walfingham had fet out for Paris, at the earnest request of an uncle, who had been taken ill there on his return from the fouth of France, where

where he had for some years resided, in the hope of repairing a conflitution, which had feverely fuffered from a life of gaiety and diffipation. He spent some months with his uncle, and at length accompanied his lifeless corpse to England, to place it in the family vault. During his illness, the unaffected attention of Sidney, who, improbable as it may appear, felt himself really more interested in his present situation, than future arrangements, fo entirely won his heart, that he bequeathed to him his whole estate, contrary to a former avowed intention of leaving a confiderable share of it to more distant relations.

After attending his uncle's funeral in Hampshire, and taking possession of the family estate, Walsingham set out for the metropolis to make his friend and patron (Lord Derham) happy, by the communication of his present good fortune, and not, perhaps, without a wish lurking in his heart, to view that sace once more, which had long been the object of more than the most exalted admiration. Nor is it improbable that, in the absence of Miss Derham, he selt a void in his breast, which the new splendour of his situation could but poorly supply.

Walfingham

Walfingham scarcely staid to dress before he flew to Lord Derham's, when the porter, in return to his inquiry, with his usual fang froid, asked his name.-"There is little occasion for that ceremony, I believe," faid he .- " Walfingham-Colonel Walfingham." The fervant, whom the porter rang for, carried up the name, and returned to tell him that his Lord was not at home. - " Not at home; furely you mistook the name!" "Col. Walfingham, Sir," " that is right."-" At what time is your Lord visible in the morning?"—"Generally from ten to twelve, Sir."—"I will call to-morrow." He called the next day, and received an answer, which convinced him that all future efforts to enter that house would be vain.—" My Lord, Sir, is out of town."-And Miss Derham?"-" Is with his Lordship, Sir." Walfingham quitted the door in a state of mind difficult to be described: Grief and anger bore alternate sway in his bofom, each deeply perplexed as to its true object. That the family were out of town Walfingham did not for a moment believe; he therefore resolved to watch them attentively, that, if their own doors were impregnable, he might, either by meeting them at the house of a third

third person, or at a public place, endeavour to procure some explanation of a conduct, which appeared to him at

once so mysterious and unjust.

After many a week spent in fruitless attendance on places of public amusement, he discovered Miss Derham in the pit at the Opera, in company with another Lady, and Sir Harry Sapsworth. It was a crowded night, and he could not, by any effort, get near enough to fpeak to her during the piece. He stood, however, in Fop's Alley, and was probably thought to be displaying a person indifputably as elegant as any in the house, while his every thought was engaged on catching the eye of one woman. In this he was at length fuccefsful: Miss Derham looked accidentally at the spot where he stood. The moment he caught her eye he bowed. The smile which had decked her face, fled. She blushed deeply, and scarcely returning his bow, leaned towards the Lady, who fat next to her; nor could he catch her eye once again, during the course of the evening. When the Opera concluded, Walfingham lay in wait for her party, refolving to intercept them in their progress to the carriage. When the well-dreffed crowd had, in some measure,

measure, subsided, he perceived Sir Harry advancing with the two Ladies' under his care.- "Sir Harry," faid he, with firmness, " you want assistance." Sir Harry, who stood rather behind the women, thanked him, and, pointing to the other Lady, attempted to take the hand of Miss Derham, when he perceived that Walfingham had been too quick for him, and decency compelled him to transfer his attention to her companion.

In conducting Miss Derham to the carriage, he begged, for God's sake, to know the meaning of his unaccountable reception, after a long absence. The Lady kept, notwithstanding all his efforts to part them, assiduously converfing with her female companion, till wearied at length with his intreaties, she replied, just as she was stepping into the coach, "Surely, Mr. Walfingham, this question is very abfurd, when the cause

is so glaring."

### CHAP. XIV.

WALSINGHAM'S PERPLEXITY, IN SOME MEASURE, UNRAVELLED.

HIS answer was more calculated to turn poor Walfingham's brain, than to afford him any confolation. He continued, however, in town, still in hopes that he might unravel this mystery, till he began seriously to reflect that his duty would require his presence in Westmoreland, for he had promifed the Major, who was then with the corps, to relieve him about that When strolling one morning to fee the Coldstream regiment mount guard on the Parade in St. James's Park, he perceived Lord Derham in conversation with the Duke of York, who was looking at the regiment. Walfingham walked with some officers of his acquaintance, till Lord Derham took his leave of the Duke, and the guard marched off. Walfingham then perceived Lord Derham in company with a general officer, walking towards the spot where he stood. He advanced toward him, and bowed, distantly, indeed, but respectfully. Lord Derham at first looked

looked at him, as if he meant to pass him without notice; but feeming fuddenly to recollect both their fituations. he pulled off his hat, made a low, though hasty, bow, and passed him. Walfingham's heart was torn with griefand indignation; nor could all his respect, his veneration for his Lordship's character, repress the soldier's feelings at a treatment which he held contemptuous. His blood boiled within him, and he was more than once tempted to call on the father of Miss Derham, and the guide and protector of his youth, for an explanation of fuch conduct. In this state of mind he quitted the Park, without any particular destination for the morning, when, as he was fauntering through Bond-Street, he heard his name repeated from a window. He looked up. and was beckoned to by his old fellow foldier, Wharton, who had the day before arrived in town, on particular business.

The countenance of a real friend, in fuch a fituation, was like a beacon to the benighted failor. He flew up to his apartment, and in a few minutes eafed his heart of a load of anguish, by communicating the mysterious conduct of Lord Derham to his friend. The result

of this confidence was, that Wharton, the moment he was dreffed, instead of pursuing his own affairs, waited on my Lord Derham, to beg that he would indulge Walfingham with half an hour's conversation .- " Oh! most willingly, Sir," cried Lord Derham, " if Mr. Walfingham has any thing to fay to me." Wharton then explained to him, that, for far from making the request with a view to any thing like hostility, Walfingham's only wish was to know the foundation of a conduct in Lord D. which to him appeared mysterious.—" Sir," replied Lord D. dryly, "I have nothing to object to Mr. Walfingham, every man's conduct is in his own breast; but, I hope, I may be allowed to felect my friends; as to the rest, I am not at all conscious of having failed in the respect due to a gentleman, when I had the honour of meeting Mr. Walfingham today. Wharton now began to plead his friend's cause with energy; he reprefented to Lord Derham the effect of his behaviour towards a man, who so highly respected and loved him: In short, he drew fuch a picture of Colonel Walfingham's state of mind, that the good old Peer was foftened, and begged Wharton would bring him to dinner.

The

The hour of dinner arrived, and the two friends attended. The few minutes before dinner were spent in cold and common-place observations. In the dining-room they found Miss Derham, who received them with a freezing politeness. The conversation at table wore the same constraint as before, and, as foon as the could decently quit the deffert, Miss Derham retired. Lord Derham then looked stedfastly in Walsingham's face-" Walfingham," cried he, "what have you done with that unfortunate girl?" Walfingham received the queftion with a stare of astonishment, during which he feemed striving to collect his bewildered fenses. "Unfortunate girl," my Lord!" repeated he, in the name of heaven, what girl? Lord Derham paused, and fixed his eyes on Colonel Walfingham's countenance, with a most scrutinizing severity-" My lad," faid he, ce I believe you would not tell me a falshood."-" Your Lordship does me too much honour," replied Walfingham, with fome little acrimony in his tone.

"Forgive me, Colonel, on a subject like this: Do you, upon your honour, know nothing of the carpenter's little daughter, at Derham?" Walsingham again paused in surprise.—" Upon my

honour,

honour, no, my Lord. Your question has aftonished me. Your Lordship means Braddyl's daughter."-" I do." -" Then, if I understand your Lordship, she is missing."-" She is." " If I had any thing more facred than my honour, I would pledge it to your Lordship, that this is the first word I have heard of it; and your Lordship may believe me, that the news affects me very much." He paused again.-" You amaze me," cried Wharton: "I understood she was gone to see a relation." -" So the poor parents have reported," faid Lord Derham .- " If your Lordfhip," refumed Walfingham, could fuppose me guilty of an act so infamous ! - I no longer - and yet, my Lord, give me leave to fay, that no flight furmisea feducer! and a feducer, under fuch circumstances too!" "Why, you know, Walfingham, as well as I do, that young men are apt to look, with too indulgent an eye, on this crime. My proofs, however, are not very flight, and nothing but the detestation of falshood, which I know to be inherent in you, both as a man and a foldier, could eafily have wiped away the impression they had made on my mind. It is but justice to myfelf, however, to produce these proofs, and

and he rang for Miss Derham.—" My dear girl! have you those letters from poor Braddyl?" Miss Derham produced them, and Lord Derham read as follows:

#### TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MISS DERHAM.

Honoured Miss, and my dear respected young Lady.

" TOPING you are in better state of mind than I am at this writing. O, Miss! the cruellest misfortune has happened to myfelf, and also to my poor husband; for he certainly doated on the girl, and yet it was very cruel in the hussey to serve us so; but fure, Miss, with due respect to you, it was an inhuman and base action of the Colonel, as we suspect of him with strong reason; dear Miss, not a great while before Betly went off, my husband and I recollect the moon shone as bright as day. Betfy was out strolling in the orchard, as the was fometimes fond for an hour together, and when I called her the Colonel came in with her; and the faid the had been at the style, on the brow, which your Ladyship used to love so, looking at the prospect; but, dear Miss, what prospect

prospect can there be on a moon-light night; and we recollect, that the Col. used always to be very fond, which we used to be pleased with, and thought no harm; but, Miss, the convincing proof that he has taken her off is, that we received this letter from her, signed at Dover, which is in the road to France, as I hear, where the Colonel is gone; to be sure we thought she was gone to gaol to see Ned Sanford."

"How, cried Colonel Walfingham, is that boy in prison too!" But I beg pardon—"who was sent there for a robbery? But that was not the case—my distress of mind is so great, that I could not be easy without making my dear young Lady a partaker of it; as my dear Miss Derham always expressed such a fondness for the poor child. Dear Miss, it makes my heart bleed when I

think of her; fo remains

Your faithful servant to command,

"What is the letter inclosed?" cried Walfingham, with great eagerness. Miss Derham opened it, and proceeded:

Dear Father and Mother,

"I ADDRESS you these sew lines not to be alarmed at my unexpected absence. Every body has their fated moment: Mine is come, and who knows but the amiable man I am now with, and you all know him, and respect him, may return me to your arms in a situation which will do us all credit, and convert the present missortune into a blessing. Once more I beg you will not be uneasy, which is the cause of my writing. So no more at present,

From your dutiful daughter,

ELIZABETH BRADDYL."

Capt. Wharton could fearcely help smiling at some parts of Mrs. Braddyl's letter, notwithstanding the real affliction with which the subject of it overwhelmed him, for he knew enough of these honest people to esteem them sincerely. But Betsy's letter was no sooner finished than Colonel Walsingham, starting from his chair, exclaimed, "This is some infamous forgery; that little girl has, at least, too much understanding to have scribbled such miserable nonsense as this."

"Ah! Sydney," cried Lord Derham, "do not deceive yourself; her poor afflicted father has been to town since; he is but too well acquainted with her hand-writing, and certainly had convinced me (pardon me, Sydney) that you were her seducer.—Poor sellow, it hurt him. Walsingham, it added to his grief, that the injury should be done to him by a soldier." Here Wharton could scarcely forbear smiling again.

"Hear me, my Lord," cried Walfingham, "By all that I hold most sacred, I know nothing of this poor little girl. By your friendship - by that which (here he faultered) I was once honoured by my lovely cousin. I have been basely calumniated; but I am every way interelted in the discovery of this mystery. as well for my own fake as for that of her family, whom I really esteem. When I have the honour of feeing your Lordship again, I hope I shall, at least, have developed enough of this transaction, to convince you of my innocence. However, I may fail in my endeavours to restore happiness to poor Braddyl's family, towards which I scarcely need affure your Lordship, my most fanguine efforts shall not be wanting." Colonel Walfingham now bowed, and was retiring, when Mils

Miss Derham said, in a faint but sweet tone of voice—" If you restore my little girl to me, cousin Sydney, you cannot conceive how happy you will make me."

Walfingham felt all the good-nature of this little advance towards a reconciliation; he confidered it as a propitiation from former suspicions, and he retired more perplexed indeed, but less distressed than when he entered the doors of Derham-house: Nor will this, to the reader of sagacity, be difficult to reconcile with the very deep concern he felt for the missortune which had fallen on the honest family of Braddyl.

## CHAP. XV.

COLONEL WALSINGHAM BEGINS HIS

IT will, no doubt, occur to many perfons as a fingular circumstance in the progress of this history, that Miss Derham should still have retained the maiden name, after what so long ago passed at Lord Derham's table, relative to her marriage with Sir Harry. The truth is, that the lady herself was the cause of procrastinating the intended nuptials, by requesting of her father sufficient time to become farther acquainted with the man to whom, in all human probability, she was destined to unite her fate: So considerable a portion of that time had, however, now elapfed, without the difcovery of any greater foibles in Sir Harry, than those which are the portion of most young men of fashion, that Miss Derham, who scarcely knew any earthly thing more facred with her than the wishes of her father, did not think herfelf authorized to oppose the most sanguine of those wishes any longer.

As for Colonel Walfingham he now threw all other business aside, that he might apply himself seriously to the difcovery of poor Braddyl's daughter. The first thing that suggested itself to his mind was a journey to Paris; but, as he could not perfuade himself to look upon the letter which bore Betfy's fignature in any other light than that of a forgery, he judged it most proper to begin his refearches in London, while he wrote to a confidential friend in Paris, who was requested to make every fearch in his power after a young person answering to the description he gave him of Betsy, and,

and, if he should discover her, to give

him immediate notice.

On the receipt of which, he purposed fetting out immediately for France. Col. Walfingham now began his operations in pursuance of the scheme he had adopted for the discovery of poor Betsy. He frequented all public places, and often took the round of them all in the course of the evening. He vifited daily fome of those houses to which the seduced and forsaken female flies as a miserable shelter against famine and nakedness, expecting, yet shuddering at the expectation, to find the wretched little wanderer among them. He dedicated fome hours to the conversation of those discreet matrons who, under the shew of some trade fuitable to their fex, have a private room for the accommodation of their friends; in short, who, though their shop-windows are decorated with black filk bags for the hair, with a pair or two of point ruffles, or three or four yards of ribbon waving over a gauze curtain, boast of no customers but those who take tea in their back parlour. As these disereet females have always the earliest intelligence of the fresh faces on town, and as Walfingham was perfuaded that Betfy was too beautiful to remain long unnoticed,

he judged that he might be enabled to trace her through their affiftance; but, after wasting some time in the pursuit, he was compelled to give it over as fruitless. He now began a little to regret the declaration he had made when he left Lord Derham, which strongly implied a resolution not to see him again till he had gained intelligence fufficient, at least to wipe away all suspicion from his own character, particularly as he heard that Sir Harry Sapsworth was there every day, and that the preparations for the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Derham was in great forwardness. But this circumstance, as soon as his attachment to his lovely cousin would permit the voice of reason, and the nice dictates of honour to be attended to, appeared to him the most incontrovertible argument for persevering in his resolution, and he continued his hopeless fearch, avoiding still the hospitable doors of Derham-house.

Captain Wharton, who had remained in town longer than he had at first intended, to assist his friend in a search, in which he also selt himself much interested, was now compelled to leave him. The assizes were about to be held, at which poor Ned was to take his trial;

and

and as Wharton's fense of right would not permit him to neglect a fingle effort towards the support of a forlorn and deferted fellow creature, against a charge of which he believed him innocent, to his attachment to this poor lad, founded upon a firm opinion, that his mind was, both as to capacity and rectitude, of a fuperior mould, interested his heart in his favour, which told him, that a protection once afforded was a double duty, when the object of it laboured under any calamity, till it should be fully proved, that that calamity was brought on by some circumstance which rendered the continuance of that protection criminal.

Urged by these motives, Wharton, took his leave of his friend Walsingham, who would have accompanied him, to afford what assistance he could to his unfortunate protegè, had not the business in which he had engaged himself rendered his stay in town absolutely necessary: He comforted himself, however, that, through the zeal and power of his friend Wharton, the lad would be as well taken care of as if he should himself be present.

# CHAP. XVI.

## A VISIT TO A PRISON.

THE moment which was to determine poor Ned's fate now approached. The judge arrived in townthe commission was opened-all was buftle and merriment-and not a fad face was to be feen on the outside of the castle walls, within which poor Ned and his fellow-prisoners were immured. Among them, indeed, painful anxiety began to shew her face, and terror and despair followed close at her heels. Ned. perhaps, was the only one among them who wished ardently for the moment in which his confidence, in the justice of his country, told him he must be set at liberty, wholly exonerated from the odious calumny which now oppressed him. His anxiety for the fate of his beloved Betfy, indeed, preyed inceffantly on his mind, and its effects were very visible to Capt. Wharton, who vifited him on the day preceding his trial. This gentleman was shocked at the extreme wretchedness which sat on his countenance.

"My good lad," faid he, "you must not suffer yourself to be thus overwhelmed by your misfortunes; it is the duty of a man to bear up against them; comfort yourself in the hope that tomorrow will, in all human probability,

put an end to them."

"Ah, Sir!" cried Ned, "it is not for myself: I should be a fool, indeed, if I grieved at that; but, Sir, the-accident-which has happened in my worthy friend Braddyl's family." Here his voice failed him. He clapped his handkerchief to his eyes, and, turning from Mr. Wharton, walked towards the window, and after a momentary paule, continued, "but of all men, that Colonel Walfingham, -that -that pains medoubly, Sir!" Wharton immediately undeceived him, as to the part which he supposed Colonel Walfingham to have acted, and affured him, that the fearch he was engaged in after poor Betfy, had alone prevented his attending to give him what affiltance he could on the day of trial. At this intelligence Ned's contending passions could no longer be suppressed—the tear's gushed from his eyes -he fobbed aloud-he feized Wharton's hand, and pressing it on his swelling heart -" You have relieved me, Sir," faid he,

as foon as he could speak, "from a load of sorrow. All my future life shall be passed in striving at least to shew my gratitude to you, Sir, and to the gentleman whom I have so much injured by

my fuspicions."

Captain Wharton now left him, and Ned awaited the moment of his trial. with a mind more at eafe than it had been fince he first heard of Betsy's flight; he had felt that extreme pain which wrings the ingenuous mind, when it finds itself compelled to retract that efteem which it now, for the first time, perceives may be too warmly and too hastily bestowed, when it first discovers the necessity of a connection with so cold and forbidding a friend as caution. From this pain he was at once relieved by the intelligence which had been communicated to him by Mr. Wharton; and, as his fpirits began to dilate, he foothed himfelf with the airy hope, that Colonel Walfingham's endeavours might be crowned with fuccess, and his Betsy once more fmile upon him in the happy chimney-corner of Braddyl's cottage.

## CHAP. XVII.

#### A TRIAL AT LAW.

THE eventful morning now arrived, which was to decide on the fate of poor Ned. The trumpet of the javelin-men was heard to bray—the judge took his feat—the court was opened—the jury fworn—and Edward Sanford arraigned; for Capt. Wharton, who was all anxiety for the event, had obtained from the judge the favour of having the trial appointed as the first in the

morning.

Wharton, who would leave nothing undone in support of a cause which he sirmly believed to be that of truth and justice, had procured for Ned, the assistance of a gentleman at the bar, distinguished at a very early period of life for the most brilliant talents; and, as he was peculiarly endowed with a wonderful quickness of conception, and clearness of comprehension, he was peculiarly qualified for the task of cross examining witnesses, the only mode in which a counsel is permitted to exert himself in favour of a prisoner in a case of selony. If the admiration, which such uncom-

mon talents commanded, knew any allay, it was from the disgust which was frequently excited by the feverity with which he purfued his investigations. It is, indeed, difficult for an audience, unaccustomed to the scene, to conceive how many of the most depraved and abandoned of mankind infest the tribunals of justice. This is particularly the case in courts of criminal jurisdiction; and when a wretch of this stamp arises, with a previous well-regulated defign, to perjure himself in every syllable he utters, it is alone, by an acute and fevere investigation, that those inconsistencies, which must attend the best framed system of falsehood, can be exposed.

At the same time it must be confessed, that, to make use of that unfeeling severity towards every witness who arises, whatever may be his situation, betrays an ignorance in men and manners, which one finds it difficult to account for in those whose education ought to be liberal, and whose minds enlarged with more than mere professional acquisitions. This, however, was not often the failing of the gentleman who had undertaken the

cause of poor Edward.

As foon as Ned was put to the bar, William Jones, the profecutor, was called.

A plain A plain decent man now came forward, and so well-drest, that Mr. Wharton could scarcely recollect in him the man upon whose oath poor Ned had been committed. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that inquiries had been made, through the active friendship of Mr. Wharton, among the party with whom Ned spent the evening at Marston; but as none of them recollected where he was at seven o'clock, and as one of them remembered that he had missed him for near an hour at that time, it was not thought of any consequence to compel their attendance.

The profecutor was defired to tell his flory, and he proceeded to give a clear and fuccinct relation of the transaction, not varying a tittle from the evidence he had given before Mr. Wharton. The present respectability of his appearance added weight to his testimony; he stated himself to be clerk to an attorney, and named a gentleman of high character; nor was there any thing, either in his appearance or manner, that could fuggelt a doubt of the truth of what he afserted. Mr. Wharton had been indefatigable during the course of the preceding evening in his inquiries as to this man's character, perfectly perfuaded in his

his own mind, that if he was not miftaken, he must have wilfully perjured himself; and the servant whom he had employed in this business, had obtained some intelligence, which Mr. Wharton thought it highly material to communicate to the gentleman who had

undertaken Ned's defence.

When the profecutor had concluded his story, every eye was turned on poor Sanford, in whose countenance was discovered a greater portion of consummate villainy, than an impartial observer would have perceived of ingenuous candour, which was, indeed, its grand characteristic. The manly sirmness, which arose from conscious innocence, they construed into hardened impudence, with which they strangely blended the blush of guilt, for so they termed that burning suffusion, with which the ignominy of his situation had tinged his cheek.

With these prepossessions against the cause he had undertaken to defend, the counsel for the prisoner arose, and began the task of cross-examining the prosecutor, to whom he put some questions, at which, as their evident tendency was to impeach his character, he displayed an honest indignation, which was in a mo-

ment

ment communicated to the audience. This kind of interrogation, continued with wonderful acuteness for near twenty minutes, excited loud murmurs among the by-standers; and is "a man to be frightened out of his fenses, to be argued out of his reason," was the general cry? It was observable at length. however, that the profecutor, kept thus long upon the rack, began to flag; he was caught in two or three glaring contradictions: His countenance fell—the muscles of his face began to work, and he was perpetually drawing his handkerchief across his mouth. But when this decent man was asked whether he had not been convicted both of a perjury and felony, the indignation of the audience at fuch an attack was expressed with so little regard to decency, that the judge was compelled to rebuke them. This restored to the prosecutor his slying fpirits, and, upon some observations of the judge to the counsel, on the proof of that fact, he boldly answered, that "he never had, and was shocked at the imputation.

At this moment a note was handed across the court to the prisoner's counfel, who desired immediately, that the man who sent it might stand forward.

This

This was complied with; a stout darklooking man, with a coloured filk handkerchief round his neck, advanced, and looked the witness full in the face, who was asked whether he knew him? He turned pale at the fight of him, and denied, faintly, that he had ever feen him before; but, upon being preffed, confessed his knowledge of him. Two other persons were then called, concerning whom he was asked the same question, and he acknowledged that he knew them both. He was now permitted to stand down, but defired not to quit the The judge then, in a tone of great mildness and humanity, asked Ned what he had to fay for himself? Ned candidly confessed he had been at Marston that day; but, with the most solemn affeverations, denied any knowledge of the robbery.

His counsel then told the judge, that he was instructed to call some witnesses, and the three men, who had been confronted with the prosecutor, were sworn, and, under the most solemn admonitions from the judge, they persisted in the following story: That they were, the one a turnkey belonging to the prison of Newgate, and the other two officers attending the public office of a justice of peace

peace in London; that they were bound over to give evidence at those affizes, against a prisoner who had returned from transportation; that they did not know of the profecutor's being there till one of them faw him in the street; that they remembered his having been convicted both of felony and perjury, and one of them endeavoured to recall to the mind of the judge, that he himself had tried him for the first offence, under the name of John Davis: But the most material part of the story in favour of poor Ned, was, the testimony of the turnkey, who fwore, that, to his perfect recollection, the profecutor was confined in Newgate at the time at which he stated this robbery to have been committed, and that he had not been released till near three months afterwards. profecutor was then called, and feverely questioned by the judge as to the truth of what these men had sworn. He had already acknowledged, (and that he cou'd not retract) that he knew them; har-raffed and terrified, he gave up the cause of villainy, and confessed the truth of the whole. He was committed to take his trial for perjury, in the fame. cultody from which poor Ned was releafed, amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

multitude, which the authority of the court could not prevent; nor could it flop the showers of money which rained on the prisoner. Ned bowed to the court and jury, and was leaving the bar, when old Braddyl, whom Ned had not perceived till that moment (for he had arrived late the night before) rushed in, and feizing him in his arms, carried him off. The respectable appearance of this good old man, who was immediately supposed to be Ned's father, interested every person present, and the tears which stole down his fun-burnt cheeks, called forth most plentifully those of the surrounding audience. They a fecond time threw money into the bar, which, though Ned's pride would not fuffer him to stoop for it, the humane gaoler carefully collected for his use.

# CHAP. XVIII.

A JOURNEY.

OLONEL Walfingham, tired of his long and fruitless search in the metropolis, resolved to take a journey into Westmoreland, flattering himself, perhaps,

perhaps, that, by a minute examination into the circumstances of poor Betsy's flight on the spot, he might procure better intelligence than Lord Derham had been yet able to obtain. He had no fooner formed this resolution than he put it into execution. He ordered his horses to the door early the next morn. ing, and left London before one-fourth of its inhabitants were awake. The weather was delightful, and he travelled gently on, musing on the fate of this unhappy girl, with which his own feemed fo closely interwoven, and profecuting his inquiries at every place where he judged they might avail him, his defign was to make Captain Wharton's his. head quarters, and from thence to direct his operations in pursuit of the plan he had now adopted.

He had already been some days on the road, and had arrived at a small town, about thirty miles short of his place of destination, when an old inn, whose windows jutted one over the other, till near the roof they almost reached across the street, and a stupendous branching sign, where, in the centre of a curious piece of wrought iron work, was displayed a monstrous and grim portrait, which (as the artist had, in more eligi-

ble characters, beneath it, informed the public) was designed to represent the Saracen's-Head, caught his attention. There was something in the snug air of this old mansion, and probably something more in the stomach of Colonel Walsingham, which told him, that he might there meet with a comfortable breakfast; and he did not feel inclined to resist the prospect held out to him on a small board underneath the sign, of good entertainment for himself and his horse.

As he approached the gate he faw the landlord, who was a jolly, gay, welllooking fellow, take leave of a person on horseback, whose figure, though his back was towards him, Walfingham thought he had feen before. This perfon the landlord shook heartily by the hand, and, after wishing him a thousand good journies, followed him with his eyes as he rode up the street, and shaking his head, fignificantly, just as Colonel Walfingham came up to him, exclaimed,-"Well, if ever God formed a complete scoundrel, you are one." Walfingham, who was now dismounting, smiled at this exclamation, after the cordial manner in which this thorough publican had, taken

taken leave of the person who was the object of it, and had opened his mouth to fay formething on the subject to the landlord, who had just perceived him, and was making his best bow, when a noise in the street called their whole attention towards the place whence it proceeded. This noise was occasioned by the rattling of a very light machine, drawn by four blood horses, which, as it had been lately fet up in opposition to one of the mail coaches, was travelling almost at speed. The person, who had just left the inn, had now got into a pretty smart canter, when, as he was (instead of watching the road his horse took) staring carelessly at the passengers on the outfide of the coach, that the beaft came with both his fore feet into a drain, and threw him with such force over his head, that, though he made some efforts to rife again, he could not accomplish Walfingham, who was witness to this accident, had scarcely time to recover himself from the sudden alarm it gave him when the coach past him, and a new object engaged his attention. A boy on the roof of the machine had turned himself round to watch the sequel of the accident which had happened, whose side face, for he could only fee him in profile, struck him as bearing the strongest resemblance to that of Ned Sanford. The velosity, however, with which the coach was then travelling, did not permit him to obtain any great degree of certainty on this head, and he walked towards the poor fellow who had met with this accident, and whom some persons were now conveying towards the inn.

Walfingham asked him, with great tenderness, whether he was much hurt? and if he could be of any service to him? The man, whose countenance was greatly disfigured with blood and dirt (for he had fallen upon his face) fixed his languid eyes full upon him, thanked him, and said, faintly, that he feared his arm was broken, as the horse had

struck it in rising.

When Wallingham had seen this poor fellow properly taken care of, and procured the attendance of a surgeon, he began to reslect on the boy, who had caught his attention from the outside of the coach. After a reverie of some moments he called his servant, and asked him if he had observed the outside passengers on the coach which lately passed them? Yes, your Honor, said the man, I saw poor Burley among them, and glad

to fee him I was, poor lad! Walfingham immediately questioned him as to his certainty that it was Burley whom he had feen; and upon the man's affirming that he could not be deceived, he ordered his horfes out again immediately. It had occurred to him, upon his first planning this journey into Westmoreland, that he might gain fomething by a conversation with this boy; he therefore determined, if possible, to overtake the coach at the next stage, which, he thought, he should be able to do, as his horses were good, though full twenty minutes had elapfed fince it had paffed: Without waiting, therefore, for any refreshment, he mounted his horse again to measure back the stage he had rode in the morning. He had not been gone many minutes before the furgeon, who had been fent for, inquired for him. Upon being told that he was gone, he faid, lackaday, he was forry for it; for that the poor man, his patient, in whom there appeared strong symptoms of an approaching fever, which would be attended with extreme danger, had expressed the most earnest desire to speak with him. This poor man's anxiety from the pace at which Colonel Walfingham

fingham set off, it was judged impossible to overtake him, even had they been certain as to the road he had taken, which they were not, as in the hurry nobody could recollect seeing him de-

part.

When Walfingham arrived at the next stage, he had the mortification to find that the coach had just changed horses, and was gone forward. Haraffed, vexed and disappointed, he dismounted, and more to rest his horses than refresh himself, for he found his appetite a good deal decreased, he ordered breakfast. He lounged away two hours at this inn. and then fet out again, determined to make a long stage to dinner, and to reach his friends in the evening. In going through the town, in which the accident had happened in the morning, he stopped at the inn door to inquire after the invalid. He faw no person but an hoftler, who was munching fome bread and cheefe at the door, for the family were at dinner in a back room. The hoftler in answer to his inquiries, told him, that the man was a bed and afleep, and better; and Walfingham rode on. When the hoftler had washed down his bread and cheefe with a draught

draught of ale, he walked coolly into the kitchen, and faid-" Master, the gentleman who was here this morning, stopped to ask how the poor man above was, and I told him."-" What?" faid his master, with impatience.-" That he was better," returned the hostler.-"Why, you stupid dog," faid the master, "that was the very gentleman he wanted fo much to speak to this morning."-" So it was, to be fure," faid the hostler; "and hang me if I did not think I had fomething to fay to him when I talked to him, and I could not for the life of me tell what it was." The master then ran to the door to look about him; but Walfingham had been long out of fight, and he did not feel enough interested in the business to fend after him; but comforted himself from his riding twice through the town in one day, that he did not probably refide above four or five miles off, so that they should certainly see him again soon.

Entarchaine

1 Carles Man and Carles

office, although a partition of the

## CHAP. XIX.

OL. Walfingham arrived in the evening at Capt. Wharton's, and was received with the most unfeigned cordiality by that gentleman and his amiable wife. Wharton was but just returned from the affizes, and informed Walfingham of his friend Ned's very honourable acquittal. The motive of the bare-faced perjury, which tended to take away the life of this poor lad, appeared to both these gentlemen to have been the reward of forty pounds; but what induced the villain who committed it to fix particularly on a poor obscure lad, living at ease in a village in the heart of Westmoreland, puzzled them extremely.

They passed the evening in various conjectures on the subject, but hit on none that was perfectly satisfactory. Wharton said he wished to have examined the boy more closely, as to the mode in which he passed his evening at Marston; but that upon his waiting on him to return him thanks after his acquittal, he was so affected by the warm expression of his gratitude, that he wholly forgot his intention; nor could he think

of detaining the boy in town a moment, who seemed eager to be gone, and whom he supposed to have returned with old Braddyl, till Walsingham mentioned his having seen him on the roof of a machine. Col. Walsingham prepared on the next day to prosecute his inquiries; his first step was to call at Braddyl's cottage. The good old man was not then returned; but on the succeeding

day he faw him.

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Braddyl was somewhat surprised on his return at not finding Ned at home, for he had been detained in the affizetown by bufiness, and had suffered the lad to gratify his impatience in fetting off, as he thought, for Derham immediately. Nothing fatisfactory, as to the object of his inquiry, could Col. Walfingham obtain from these poor people, who had been convinced by Capt. Wharton, that the Colonel was perfectly unconcerned in the elopement of their child, but who did nothing but lament in answer to all his questions: - In short, after a fruitless stay of a fortnight in the country, he was forced to fer off again for the metropolis without obtaining the least information, which might prove a clue to guide him in his future inquiries. He then bade adieu to his friends, friends, and mounting his horse, put him gently forward towards the London

road.

Poor Walfingham was by no means in a gay mood when he fet out on this journey. His disappointment with regard to little Betsy now gave way to a subject of grief, to which, indeed, it was more nearly allied than he would fuffer himself to be ieve. In a packet, which he had received from the town, he had been informed, that the only news stirring in the fashionable world was, that of the approaching nuptials between Sir Harry Sapsworth and Miss Derham, which it was thought would almost immediately take place. Walfingham, by mufing long on this fubject, had almost reasoned himself into a belief, that it must be immaterial to him when they took place, and that he should be glad to fee his cousin well married. When his fervant reminded him that the horses might want baiting, he stopped them at a house, which the landlord informed the public, by means of an inscription on his fign, was "The Old New Inn," and, having taken a flight breakfast, proceeded on his journey. The same train of reflections employed his mind for about eighteen miles

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miles more, at the end of which he found himself in the town, where he had witneffed the accident of the poor fellow's fall from his horse, and had distinguished Ned Sanford among the passengers on the roof of the machine. He turned his horse into the gateway of the inn at which he had before stopped, and committing him to the care of a fervant, ordered a glass of mountain and a crust of bread. He threw himself into an elbow chair, and, with a mind harraffed at once by intense occupation on the same object for so long a time, and by a certain degree of bodily fatigue, which always contributes to render it indolent, was indulging in a kind of idle vacuity, when my landlord entered with the refreshment he ordered. After two or three preliminary bows and welcomes, he observed, that he thought he knew his Honour again; that a fad accident had happened the last time he had seen his Honour.

"Aye, true," faid Walfingham;
"pray how does the poor fellow do?"
"Why, Sir, he was deadly bad at first," answered my landlord, "and the doctor thought he would have died; and told him to be sure, that, if the fever came on, he must prepare for his end,

end, and the poor fellow took on piteoully, and defired, of all things in the world, to speak with you, Sir."-"With me!" exclaimed Walfingham. -" Yes, Sir, no doubt, to thank you for all favours; but you was gone, Sir, and to be fure, Sir, I fent after you, high and low, and my stupid fellow of and hostler: I was ready to beat his brains out."-" There was no occasion for all this," said Walfingham; " if the poor fellow only wanted to return me thanks, for I do not recollect that I was more entitled to them than any body else about him." . " Why, Sir, to be fure, Sir, a poor man dies easier for having faid his fay, as the faying is—and yet, to my mind, he did want to thank you. to be sure, Sir; no doubt you deserved it, Sir; and yet I could not help thinking fomething hung on his mind which he wanted to give up; he did take on fo deadly, to be fure, when you could not be found, and faid, fays he, I shall die a miserable wretch, if I cannot open my mind to that gentleman."-" Why, then, he certainly wanted more than to return me thanks."—" Why, fo I thought to myself, Sir. Yes, yes, that struck me; upon which, says I to him, how do you feel yourself?" " The Lord have

have mercy upon me," faid he! "If you want to open your mind," faid I, " had not you better fend for the parfon?"-" I have been a great finner," faid he.- "So you have, to be fure, Jem Black," faid I .- "Black! Black!" faid Walfingham, "I have heard that name before; you knew him, then, landlord?" shaking his head .- "Knew him, aye, aye, I knew him," faid the landlord, shaking his head.—" Oh! I recollect now," faid Walfingham, "fome expressions of yours, as he rode off that very day."—" Between you and I, Sir, I do not know a bigger villain under the fun!"-" You feem to have a pleasant acquaintance, landlord."-The landlord now perceived his error, and not willing to boast much of his intimacy with the biggelt villain ander the fun, drew in his horns a little.

"I have no great knowledge of him," faid he; "but I know enough to know that."— What line of life is he in!" faid Walfingham.— Lord bless you," faid the landlord, "he has been every thing—sometimes a gentleman, with his high phaeton and his girl, and sometimes without a tester to bless himself with! I have known him a bailist's follower. He has been two or three times

a bankrupt,

a bankrupt, though he was never in trade in his life. He had been a money lender, without possessing a penny in the world! Has practifed as a lawyer, and kept an EO table; and yet the fellow is fo ignorant in every thing but villainy, that he cannot write his own name! He has been quite broken down lately, and has taken to gentleman's fervice!" "You feem to know fomething of him, however,"faidWalfingham; "praywhom does he live with now?"-" Why, Sir," faid the landlord, " he did live with a Mr. O'Farrel, a gentleman who plays; he suspected him of fingering the cash a little-turned him off-ftopped his wages-and fwore the devil of any thing would he give him but a character. He then got into Sir Harry Sapsworth's fervice, with whom, I believe, he lives Aili." " Sir Harry Sapiworth!" faid Walfingham. A thousand ideas crowded into his brain at once, and, after a fhort pause, "let me see this man im-mediately," said he. - "Lord, Sir," faid the landlord, "he is gone away." "Gone away already, with a broken arm !" faid Walfingham. - "Sir," faid the landlord, "he had no fever, as the doctor expected, and was getting better. As he found himself mending, he grew

very impatient at his accident, which, he faid, had delayed fome very important business, and sent two or three expresses, which I found were all delivered to our county gaol, and the day that he left us a letter was delivered to him: upon receiving which, he faid he must fet off immediately, and fent for the doctor, that he might make up his arm as well as he could for travelling. attempted to perfuade him to flay till he was better, but all in vain; off he went in a post-chaise."-" I wish to heaven I had feen him before he went," faid Walfingham.-" Why, to tell you the truth, Sir," faid the landlord, "I was almost as curious as you about it; and when he told me to put his fpurs up in paper, I caught hold of the letter he had just received, and which lay on the table, and certainly did tear half off, which I clapped into my pocket while I wrapped the spurs in the other half; but I cannot make much out of it: You may fee it, however, Sir, if you please; 1 have got it in my bureau." Walfingham expressed a strong desire to read it, upon which the landlord brought him a letter, which had been crumpled together to put in his pocket, and was fo torn,

torn, that Walfingham could barely make out what follows:

"You know you promised to be with me at the time of the trial, in case any accident should happen: It may be true what you give a reason for not coming before; however, it is in my anger at finding myself so completely done. I said some things which will make it necessary for you to be out of the way. This was a bad scheme of yours; even forty pounds added to all you can give me would have been a poor compensation, for the risk now I must off to Botany."

The subscription to this epistle, which still remained at the bottom, was—

J. DAVIS.

This letter, added to Walfingham's perplexity; strange thoughts obtruded themselves on his mind; he ordered his horses directly, and pursued his journey to town.

# CHAP. XX.

### A SCENE AT RANELAGH.

HE preparations for the matriage of Sir Harry Saplworth and Miss Derham were now in great forwardness. Sir Harry's horses were feen parading every day in the new square of Lincoln's Inn, during those long hours in which their mafter was endeavouring in vain to propitiate the priests of the goddess Delay, who fits enthroned there, and receives eternal incense from the chambers around. Miss Derham was more in public than usual, and always escorted by Sir Harry: In short, the approaching union was the topic of common difcourse, and seemed to wait for nothing but the consent of the lawyers.

It was now the time of the year when the metropolis is in its utmost splendor: It wanted but three-weeks of the birthday, and every person who wished to mix with the fashionable world, slocked to Ranelagh. It was on one of those nights, when the coaches, which were conveying the people to this place of polite resort, formed a complete line from the turnpike-gate at Hyde-Park

Corner

Corner to the very doors of Ranelagh, that a fellow, who drove a hackneycoach, through a mistaken policy, forfook the line, and passing many coaches that had preserved their station, found himself completely shut out at the end of the avenue, which leads down to the house from the high road. Vexed at the detection of his own folly, and probably warm with liquor, he made feveral attempts as furious as the miferable state of his horses would permit them to be, to break in upon the line. At length, in a very unequal contest, with a folendid carriage drawn by a pair of young high-spirited horses, the hackney coach loft one of the fore-wheels; the coachman was thrown from the box, and the carriage relting on the disabled axletree, was left in fuch a fituation, that it was evident the flightest degree of force beyond that which had been exerted, must have thrown it flat on the side. The coach, in the contest with which this mischief had happened, belonged to Sir Harry Sapsworth, who was then in it with Miss Derham and another Lady. The crash of the hackney-man's wheel was accompanied by a loud shriek in a female voice.

Mifs

Miss Derham insisted that the two fervants who were behind the coach should alight to lend what affistance they could to the persons who had experienced the accident. This was instantly complied with, and their carriage passed on. The shrieks from the fallen carriage had been several times repeated in a tone of extreme terror. They made an impression on Miss Derham's ear, which at first she was at a loss to account for. At lenth she suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! fure I know that voice! It is certainly little Fetsy's! Do, Sir, fatisfy my curiofity." She could not finish her sentence before Sir Harry had opened the door, and fprung out. He returned in a few minutes, with a countenance which feemed to flew how much he anticipated the difappointment with which Miss Derham would be affected at the news he had to tell. He had feen and spoken with the Ladies, for there were two of them, but neither bore the least resemblance to the poor little lost After waiting a confiderable time from the throng of carriages, they alighted at Ranelagh. The very firiking gaiety of the rotunda, particularly on a brilliant and crowded night, by degrees diffipated those melancholy thoughts

thoughs with which the idea of her poor little protege, however roused, never failed to impress the mind of Miss Derham; and she listened with her usual complacency to the chat of the day, with which Sir Harry thought it his duty to entertain her; a duty, the fatigue attending which he was the better enabled to support, by resecting that it

could not last long.

After crowding for some time through this fashionable throng, Miss Derham, who felt herself fatigued, was fortunate enough to procure a feat for herfelf, and another for her friend. They had been for some time seated, and Sir Harry was standing by them employed in a deep discussion of the comparative merits of two famous Opera fingerswhen Miss Derham suddenly exclaimed. "Surely I am doomed to be the fport. of delufion this whole night. I just now fancied that I heard Betl,'s voice. and I declare I could have fworn that she passed us this very instant! Do, Sir Harry, look at that elegant young girl with a kind of blue fash, whose back is towards us."

Sir Harry turned round—" Which! which!—where! where!—I do not fee!
—Oh! what that—that girl!—Oh! I fee.

### CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

fee, in the fath! My dear Miss Derham. what have you got into your head? No more like her than-what were we talking about—oh! true, the Opera."-Sir Harry had now got into the front of the Ladies, and the conversation was refumed by fits and starts, as it is commonly termed, by Sir Harry, who was every moment looking round at the company, till Miss Derham again interrapted him: "There is the very girl

again! it is certainly."

"Where! where!" faid Sir Harry. "Just behind you," refumed Miss Derhan; "there! there! I declare you have put yourself just in the way! There, to your right. Now you are exactly in the way again; was ever man fo awkward. There?" faid Mils Derham. " I fee her now! I declare we will follow her." She now arose, Sir Harry took her by both hands, and placed her gently in her feat again .- " I fee whom wood mean now," faid he, "and I will foon gain intelligence who she is. shall find you here when I return." He followed the young Lady who had been pointed out to him, and returned in about five minutes. - "You are certainly out of luck in all your hits to night?" faid he; "I have feen the girl vou

you mean: I know her by fight; the is a young woman of fome fashion, and confess there is a trifling likeness; but, I affure you, it is not your little friend." "It does not fignify," faid Mis Derham; " I am determined to walk and meet her." At thefe words the was attempting to rife again. Sir Harry laid hold on her hand, "that you will not do this evening." Why not ?" - " She has left the room. I faw her go out myfelf. Depend upon it you are mistaken; besides, how should the girl you think of come here?" When they had fat for fome little time tongen, Mifs Derham and her companion arose to walk. After walking about half an hour, Miss Derham proposed retiring. They fauntered towards the door, and were just going out, when they were accorded by a party of Sir Harry's acquaintance, who were drinking tea in the box next the door. Miss Derham had before complained, that, from the fullness of the night, there was no chance of procuring any tea; and she now whispered Sir Harry her wish to obtain a fingle cup. Room was made for this additional party, and fresh tea had just been ordered, when Miss Derham, calling her eyes towards the door, thought

thought she beheld the same girl, who had been the object of her attention twice before in the course of the evening,

go out with her companion.

"You are certainly mistaken, Sir Harry," faid she, " for the girl I mean is but this instant quitting the room." As the faid this the role from her feat. " My dear Miss Derham," said Sir Harry, rifing, and getting in front of her, "what time of the moon is it? You certainly feel its influence."-Miss Derham paid little attention to this fally, but arose in spite of Sir Harry's attempts to detain her. The passage, however, was extremely crowded, and the had completely lost fight of the object of her fearch. As foon as she could. with any regard to decency, do it, fhe again proposed going home; and, taking leave of the party, hurried along the passage, in hopes that she might regain the fight of this Lady in one of the outward rooms. In this, however, she was again disappointed, and she returned home fatigued and vexed: Nor could all Sir Harry's efforts engage her in any conversation. When she retired to bed. the circumstances of the evening kept her long awake, and, upon comparing them with each other, they produced in her mind

mind fuspicions by no means favourable to the worthy Baronet, with whom she was destined to be speedily united.

#### CHAP. XXI.

A DIFFERENT SCENE AT THE SAME PLACE.

THE more Miss Derham reflected on the circumstances which had taken place on this evening, and the more she combined them in her mind, the less inclined did she find herself to doubt the evidence of her eyes and ears, or to reject fome novel ideas, with which the conduct of Sir Harry began to impress her. Her behaviour to him during the course of the next day, bore in it evident marks of a coolness sometimes bordering upon difgust, and before night she had come to a resolution, at all events, to delay her union with him till her suspicions had subsided; determined, if no circumstance should occur, which might effectually erafe them from her mind, father to undergo the loss of any portion of her fortune, and even to dare the censure of the world, than unite

white herself for life with a man of abandoned principles. It cannot, perhaps, fairly be concealed here, that the fight of Colonel Walfingham on the preceding evening, and the delicacy of his conduct, which could not be lost on a mind framed like Miss Derham's, might have some little share in forming this resolution.

About ten minutes before she left Ranelagh she saw her cousin enter. The emotion of his countenance when their eves met, which communicated itself to the gentle heart of Miss Derham, gave him infinite credit with her for the rest of his behaviour, which, perhaps, had not the cause of it been so unequivocally expressed, might have hurt and offended her. His eyes had no fooner encountered the face of his cousin than he haltily withdres them, before he thought he was perceived; and she was once or twice, during the short period of her remaining there, a witness of the caution with which he avoided meeting her.

After her departure, Walfingham lounged in the room, occupied by his own thoughts, till it became very late; he then fauntered flowly out to find his carriage, and return home. The night was dark, and inclined to rain. The

outward

outward rooms were occupied but by a few people, who had remained later than the reft, and were waiting for their car-

riages.

Colonel Walfingham looked out, but could not fee his fervants. As he was more inclined to musing than to sleeping, he was in a hurry to return home: He leaned himfelf, therefore, very contentedly against the door-post of the room, and refighed himself to meditation on the subject, which was then uppermost in his mind, and was wholly occupied by the image of his too lovely coufin, when he was aroufed from his reverie by a dialogue between two females, who were feated on the end of the bench nearest to the door against which he leaned; many of the lamps had now expired; the door way, in which Walfingham flood, was dark, and he leaned his back against that side which was at a rightangle with the feat on which these Ladies fat, they could not therefore fee him, nor could he perceive them without putting his head forward within the room. This, upon first hearing the voices, he did, but perceiving they were muffled up, on account of the coldness of the night, fo that he could not at all discern their faces, he withdrew withdrew his head probably unperceived, as the dialogue, or rather monologue, for one Lady only answered by her sighs, was continued in nearly the following style, in a bold masculine voice, and a delivery which Walsingham, perhaps, rashly judged to have been influenced by liquor, for the place and the dress of the Lady certainly rendered this highly improbable; it is unhappily true, however, that they did not

render it impossible.

"I like Sir Harry and his airs. Pray who is Sir Harry? Sir Harry Sapiworth, to be fure! a Baronet, indeed! a pretty puppy to control me, to tell me where I am to go, and where I am to come! I will let him know I have had Lords and Dukes too who dared not do fo much. A paltry puppy of a Baronet! It was extremely imprudent! and you had better go home! and then again, you should have come in, and I insistyes-I infift upon your going home. Infift! infift upon it! Ah! Sir Harry, Sir Harry, you little know me; if you think that will do with me!"-" How shall we get home?" faid the other, in a low, faint, and tremulous voice. The Lady went on-" Not go to Ranelagh! he be hanged, with his nonfenfical jealoufies

lousies and fears; if he could not confide in my conduct, why did he trust me with you? But you must not go out of the house, and this, that and t'other; it is all ridiculous nonsense, and I will

teach his Baronetship fo."

The name of Sir Harry Sapsworth rendered Colonel Walfingham extremely attentive to the language of this Lady. His curiofity was awakened, and before she came to the conclusion of it, he determined to offer them his carriage home. He stepped to the outside of the door to inquire after it, and there luckily faw his fervant, a boy, whom he had lately taken, who was unused to the town, and probably did not know where to look for his master. He ordered the carriage to be brought up immediately, and returned to offer it to the Ladies. just going to accost them when a man entered the room, and walking haftily up to them, exclaimed, in a tone of impatience, "Good God! what can you do here? Who would have thought of finding you in this place?" " Well!" exclaimed the Lady, who had talked fo long before; but he would not fuffer her to finish her sentence.-" Do not talk," faid he, " but come along; I have brought a coach with me."

He

He then took the Lady under his left arm, for the right he was compelled, from some accident, to wear in a sling. and the Lady, who had been filent. taking the arm of her companion, they left the room. Walfingham, thus difappointed in the hope he had entertained of gratifying his curiofity, was going to follow them to their coach; but reflect. ed, that by so doing he should probably miss his own servants, whom he expected every moment, and by that means put it out of his power to purfue the carriage, which conveyed these people to the place of their destination, which he determined to order his own coachman to do, if possible. He watched them with his eyes as far as he could towards their carriage; but lost fight of them foon from the darkness of the night amid the fervants and remaining carriages. He now grew extremely impatient for his carriage, and perceiving, after waiting in a kind of agony for two or three minutes he found it in the custody of a constable who was holding the horses; be inquired hastily after his servants.

"Sir," said the constable, "if this carriage belongs to you, I sent your boy near five minutes ago to tell you that your coachman was not in the way; he

went

went off about ten minutes fince in company with another coachman, to drink a pint, I believe, and left the car-

riage in my care."

While they were talking Colonel Walfingham's coachman returned, according to the common phrase, above half feas over; but they waited in vain for the boy. Walfingham, after waiting, fent every where about to feek for this lad, whom he taxed the coachman with having seduced to drink. This, however, the fellow stifly denied. At length, after a fruitless search, Walfingham was compelled to return without He concluded, that if no accident had happened to the boy, and he could not imagine any which he should not have heard of, he should find him at home upon awaking in the morning; but he was extremely vexed at being compelled, through fuch a train of untoward circumftances, to give up the profecution of a discovery in which he might himself be materially interested.

# CHAP. XXII.

SK TCH OF A YOUNG MAN OF SOME FASHION.

OL. Walfingham, who did not get I to fleep till late, was not up when a friend, who had promifed to breakfast with him, arrived. This gentleman, who was a young man of confiderable family and fashion, was in the guards, and had just come off the fag (as he termed it) of a field-day in Hyde-Park. He foon roused his friend, and obtained his breakfast, for which his morning's work had procured him a pretty good appetite. The conversation rolled on the common topics for some time, till it turned, (as is always the case between men who are not of an advanced age) on women. This was a subject particularly grateful to Walfingham's friend, whose person and face were remarkably handsome, and who had, among many good qualities, the weakness to be very vain of them. After running over a vast many women of fashion, and attributing to most of them attachments which they never dreamed of, foibles which they never felt, and construing their

their most simple looks and words as expressive of ideas as strange to their minds probably as he was, whom he hinted at as the frequent object of all these, he proceeded to talk of women of an inferior style. Walfingham, who was extremely good-natured, though he was but little entertained by these fallies, did not feel himself inclined to repress them harshly, for he knew the heart whence they proceeded to be void of malevolence, and, ever glowing with indignation at the contemptible villainy of flandering a woman; in these little ebullitions of vain glory, he was but complying with a contemptible folly of the present day. It was the wisdom of our ancestors to veil, as well as they could, all the glaring features of vanity, conscious that however we doat on ourfelves, her mien is difgusting to all others.

It was formerly almost an axiom, that a man who talked of fighting would never fight. During the last war it was as much the fashion to talk as to fight, and yet it was never the fashion to fight better. Walsingham, however patiently he listened, was not forry to find the conversation turned, and his attention somewhat interested by the beginning of

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a story

a story which his friend had fallen into: but threatened to conclude hastily, by exclaiming, "But why the devil, Syd. ney, should I bore you with a long talk of what happened to me, though I confels I am proud of what I did in the bufiness."-" You will not bore me," faid Walfingham; "on the contrary, I feel interested in it, and, indeed, if I did not, I should pay you no great compliment in listening to it at prefert; for, to tell you the truth, I am extremely indolent this morning, and I feel my mind inclining to some certain thoughts which it had much better be without. Mr. Seymour's tale (for that was the name of this gentleman) was nearly as follows:

I know, Sydney, you will call me a coxcomb, and, perhaps, I shall run the risk of being laughed at as a credulous fool in the progress of the story I am about to tell. No matter; I really feel, myself, that I have some merit in what I did.

One morning, about four or five days ago, as I was upon the lounge, I strolled in to have some chat with mother Martin. I do not know whether you are particularly acquainted with Martin; you certainly, however, know her by character;

character; the was kept by the father of the present Lord -- : Under his wing the grew into fathion; her doors are now only open to some of us; in short, she is in a superior style, and, among other good qualities, certainly gives the best dinners and wine of any woman in London. I was shewn into a back parlour, and told that she would wait on me in a few minutes. I feated myself opposite to the door which the fellow had neglected to thut. When I heard the step of some female, who was quitting the front parlour, curiofity induced me to rife and walk towards the door; and I had but just reached it, when the most lovely young girl, I think, I ever faw, passed by me to go up stairs. I was immediately admitted into the front room, and occupied the seat she had quitted. I was no fooner feated than I launched out in praise of this girl. - "You saw her then. my young gentleman?" faid Martin.-" That is more than I intended, I promife you." "What the deuce," faid I, " do you do with fo lovely a young creature concealed in your house? You are not famous for hiding any thing good that belongs to you.—Where did she pick up that look of innocence? Not here, I will swear."-" Do not be im-H 2 pudent,

pudent, Seymour."—" Upon my foul, the has the countenance of virtue and innocence itself."—"And her countenance does not belye her."—" Gently, if you please, Mrs. Martin; that is rather too much."—" You may believe me if you please; but may I never live to quit this tosa, if I do not believe her to be as modest and virtuous a girl as any in this kingdom."—" Then what the devil does she do here?"—" That is another ques-

tion, my noble Captain."

She then, after some little hesitation. told me, that a man of rank and fashion had placed her in her house, with the laudible intention of feducing her; but that so far from prevailing, he had incurred her abhorrence, and that she now fearcely ever spoke to him. I did not give much credit to this fine story. I asked to see this girl. On this request she put an absolute negative. I then threw my purfe to her, which was pretty heavy. She threw it back again. This kind of repulse heightened my curiofity to fee this uncomeatable creature. I had now but one thing left for it. I knew that Martin loved wine. I complained of being hungry-made her order a Sandwich, and a bottle of Madeira, we chatted over our repast for some time, during

during which I took care to ply my Lady. When I found her in proper cue, I renewed the subject, and again threw her my purse. She began to relax.-"Upon my foul, Harry, you are a handsome fellow, and if the girl should fall in love with you, we might make fomething of her; but suppose the man, who has intrusted her to my care. should find it out?"-" She never speaks to him, you know."-" Well? will you dine with us? But if he should return?" - You know you just told me that he is to dine to-day with the woman he is going to be married to, and will be nailed there for the whole evening."-" Well, come at five."

You may be fure I did not neglect to go. When I arrived I found this lovely girl with Mrs. Martin in the diningroom. I never beheld a young creature half so beautiful, yet, though there was something extremely interesting in her manners, I could not help perceiving a certain restraint about her, which convinced me that she was unused to company, and led me to conclude, that her circumscribed situation in life had exposed her to those temptations under which, I had no doubt, she had fallen.

Let me pass over my own conduct as quickly as I can; a conduct, which, though I afterwards strove to make some reparation for, it never recurs to my remembrance without many painful fenfations. I had made warm love to her all dinner time, at which she had only looked grave. When the cloth had been some time removed, Mrs. Martin (I believe purposely) left the room. My fenses, inflamed by the fight of this lovely girl, and the wine I had drank, I proceeded to fome liberties, at which her modesty took an immediate alarm. I did not, however, readily defift at an opposition which, notwithstanding what mother Martin had faid, I was perfuaded, from her situation in that house, must be affected. She sprung from me towards the door which I bolted. She struggled still to get out, and shrieked violently; but when the found that her cries brought nobody to her affiftance, the feemed extremely terrified. grew pale as afnes, and looked wildly about the room. She forung a fecond time from my arms, and ran towards the window, but I caught her before the could reach it.

When she found herself again in my power, she sunk almost breathless with

terror,

terror, on her knees - "Oh! Sir." faid the, in a voice scarcely articulate, " pity, pity me; if you are a gentleman, do not ruin a poor helples girl!" I felt extremely shocked at this appeal; it recalled me to myfelf : I raifed her gently, and, leading her towards a fofa in the room, I placed her on it, and begged her, in the mildest tone I could affume, not to be alarmed. The moment she recovered her voice, she exclaimed of Oh! my poor father and mother ! and burit into tears .- " My fweet girl!" faid I, "do not be alarmed; upon my honour, you are safe from any farther insult, and I detest myfelf as the author of those you have atready fuffered. You have not in your company a man of abandoned character; little as I have to commend in myfelf, I abhor the feduction of innocence." -" But, my dear girl," continued I, "why, for heaven's fake! do you continue in a fituation for dangerous, if you really have that regard for virtue, which I am willing to believe you have?"-"Ah, Sir!" faid she, "it is not with my own inclination that I am here. am a prisoner in this house; every step I take is watched, otherwise, ignorant as I am of this town and its inhabitants. Ishould TARD

I should rather trust myself to fortune in the streets of it, than remain here." Here she wept again; her situation touched me.—" If," said I, "you will tell me your story truly, it may be in my power to assist you; and I shall be happy to repair my ill conduct towards you, by serving you to the utmost of my

ability."

This she readily promised to comply with: I then forced half a glass of wine upon her to recruit her spirits, bolted the door, and made her adjust her dress, which was fomewhat difordered, by the glass. When Mrs. Martin returned, I took her aside. I told her that I had the ftrongest proof that what she had said concerning this girl was true, for my efforts had been without fucces; but as I flattered myself that I had made some impression on her heart, which I wished to improve, I begged she would let us drink tea tête-à-tête. This she consented to, and when we were feated at the tea-table, my young friend began her ftory. Just nov eveiled at while the fire with the Local Will

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## CHAP. XXIII.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG GIRL AT MARTIN'S.

HERE never was, furely, a more lovely morning," faid this charming girl, " than that on which I left my father's house to visit a distressed friend; but" (Here she blushed and paused) " I should begin my story from an earlier date, or you will scarcely understand it. You must know, Sir, that, young as I appear to be, I have for some time indulged a-(I mean a young person of nearly my own age has for some time fhewn an attachment to me, whichhere she raised her handkerchief to her eyes) poor fellow! Poor he is, indeed, Sir, and oppressed by many misfortunes! A circumstance which I am ashamed to mention." She paused again -" Don't think the worse of me, Sir, for having acquaintance in a gaol; indeed, I am not a bad girl." Here she blushed extremely, and paused. I took her by the hand, and paid her some little compliment, which encouraged her to proceed, which she did thus: ce This

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"This poor lad was accused of a crime of which, I am fure, he was as innocent as I am, and hurried to prifon. I can fearcely tell you, Sir, the mifery I felt when I thought of this unfortunate young man's fituation, exposed as he must be to all the miseries of a gaol, and as free from guilt as you are, Sir. 1 thought and thought on it till I could think on nothing elfe. I could employ myfelf in no way in which his image was not more in my thoughts than the work I was about. I faw nothing -1 dreamed of nothing but my poor friend. At last I thought that the fight of him might relieve me, and I was fure my presence would comfort him; but what could Tdo? I knew the step I was about to take was fuch as my parents would refuse their consent to; and my friends (for I had the good fortune to gain fome friends in a fituation much superior to my own; would blame. I was in this flate of mind when the fervant of a gentleman of fashion, who was on a visit in the country near the place where my father lived, began to This man rally me on my melancholy. was very frequently at my father's, for, though my father himself did rot much like him, the splender of his de's, and the airs of confequence he assumed, had their effect on the mind of my mother, and she admired him extremely. He had long tried to render himself agreeable to me, but I really disliked him. He perceived the situation of my heart, and tried to excite my contempt for the object of my attachment by the most artful means; but, as in the case of every cunning man, was too proud of his art wholly to conceal it, and contrived to change my dislike of himself into abhorrence.

"About the time I am now speaking of, however, he began to change his conduct, and most artfully wound himfelf into my confidence by well-timed praises of the unfortunate object of my effects, and an affected pity for the fituation of both. He, by these means, at length, drew from me a wish that I had long concealed in my bosom to visit this poor prisoner. When he became acquainted with it, instead of opposing, or, as I began to fear he would, revealing it to my mother, he fet his invention to work to fmooth all the difficulties which lay in the way of it, encouraged, and even offered his affiltance to promote my Sign. While difficulties oppose the melves to the commission of an imprudent

prudent act, towards which the inclination points, we may obey the dictates of prudence; but level those dissipulties by which our prudence is as it were fortified, and I am afraid she will be easily overcome."—"I soon felt myself tempted to accept of his assistance, and thanked him, with tears of gratitude, when he proposed meeting me at an adjacent village, and conducting me to a town on the high road, from which I might easily procure a conveyance to the county-town in which the gaol stands.

"On the day preceding my departure, I asked leave of my father and mother to visit a farmer's daughter, who had been at school with me, and who lived at the distance of eight miles from us across the country. I made up a little purse, for I thought a trifle would not be unacceptable to the dear lad; and I was never without money, for which circumstance I was indebted to the kindness of the best and handsomest I ady in the world, who lived in our village: As I thought, however, that I could not be too provident in this case, I added to what money I had, some pocket pieces, and a trinket or two which the same Lady had given to me. I made up a very small bundle of clothes for myself, as I intended to return immediately.

immediately, and at five o'clock, on a very beautiful morning, drest in some of my best things, with my bundle on my arm, I lest my father's house, to which I never returned—to which, perhaps, I never shall return." Here she burst into tears again. After the agony of grief had subsided, she resumed her

ftory:-

"Though depressed with the consciousness that I was deceiving the best father and mother that girl ever had, yet the prospect of this interview, the satisfaction I knew it would afford this unhappy boy—the assistance I was enabled to yield him—the conviction of the purity of my own intentions—and the hope I encouraged, that I should readily obtain forgiveness for my little trick upon my speedy return, spread a delicious calm over my mind. My heart was softened, and, though I sometimes selt a tear drop on my bosom as I walked, I was really happy.

"At the place appointed I met the man who had so kindly undertaken to affist me in my plan. He was waiting for me with a one-horse chaise, into which he handed me; and, desiring me to sit snug up in the corner, he putup the head, lest I should be seen with him by

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fome of our neighbours, by which the fhare he had in my flight might be difcovered, and drove off. We were not long in reaching the town from which I was to fet off for my place of deftination. He then ordered some little refreshment, and told me that he had determined to accompany me on my scheme; that he did not like the idea of my taking such a journey without any protector; and that he had himself a wish to see this lad, to whom he declared he would afford any affiftance in his power for my fake. He then ordered a post-chaise, and, upon my objecting to to expensive a mode of travelling, as ill fuited to the flate of my pocket, he laughed, and declared, that he should take a chaife himfelf, whether I went or no; and that I should, therefore, put him to no additional expence in going with him: In fhort, the chaife came to the door of the inn, and we got into it together.

"I was surprised to learn from him, in answer to my anxious and repeated inquiries how far we were from our place of destination, that the town from which we set out was full twice as distant as I had always supposed it to be from that to which we were going. This information, and my total igno-

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rance of the road, ferved to account for our travelling a confiderable way before I began to entertain any suspicion that I was deceived, and that my companion never intended we should arrive at the spot which was the object of all my wishes. We had changed chaises once, and the shades of evening began already to surround us, when those doubts, which had for some time begun to affail me, but which I had hitherto tried to check, became too powerful to be overcome, and, in an agony of terror, I communicated them to my fellow-traveller.

"The villain (for fuch he proved) then threw off the mask, and, with a laugh, declared that he had entertained no intention, from the moment in which he proposed this scheme, that it should ever be put in execution; and began immediately to make violent love to me. It is impoffible, Sir, to paint my distraction: I cannot at this moment think of it without extreme pain; in fhort, my transports of grief and rage were so violent as to alarm this fellow, who, after trying various methods to confole me, told me, with an air of affected penitence, that, as he faw fo little profpect of fucceeding in the hopes he had entertained that I would

would listen to his passion, he began to be very forry that he had gone so far. He faid that he would, at that moment. if possible, restore me to my father and mother; but, as it was impossible to reach our village before the ensuing evening, I must reconcile myself as well. as I could, to remaining at the next inn for that night, and that in the morning he would convey me to our village; but that I must not expect that he would fee me home, for he never could look in my worthy father's face after what he had done. This promise he confirmed by the most bitter imprecations of Divine vengeance on his head, if he should fail in it. I faw no alternative, and therefore reconciled myself, as well as I could, to passing this night at the inn, at which we foon arrived.

"When we had alighted, he ordered the landlady in, and was particularly careful that I should be provided with a good and safe chamber. I took care myself that this should be the case, and after a most uncomfortable hour spent on his part in supping, and on mine in sighing at the thoughts of my unhappy situation, I retired to my chamber; and having so secured it that I could defy all interruption, I threw myself on the bed.

Never

Never did I pass a more sleepless, miserable night! The morning had, for fome time, begun to break, when, finding myself cold and heavy through want of rest, I crept under the quilt, and fell afleep. I do not know how long I had been in that fituation, when I was difturbed by a knocking at the door, and the voice of my worthless fellow-traveller, who told me that the chaife was ready, if I wished to return. At this fummons I foon quitted my chamber. The man feemed hurt when he found I had not been in bed all night, and complained of my want of confidence. During breakfast, he called in the post-boy, and taxed him much about his knowledge of the road to a town which he named, and which was at no great diftance from the village where my parents lived. The boy answered, that he knew both roads, and a little dispute arose between them concerning the length of the way. All this tended to confirm me in the hope that this fellow really intended to fulfil his promife. Alas! I was again deceived; he had bargained for the chaife to carry him to London, and had the precaution to put fome cold provisions in the feat, and I did not quit the chaife for five minutes, till we reached

reached the metropolis; to hasten our arrival at which, he ordered four horses at every succeeding stage. When arrived, he conveyed me to a lodging, of which I could discover but little; for the violent agony of mind I had endured, threw me into a fever, which became in a few days very alarming, and from which I did not recover for near fix weeks.

"The first use I made of my returning strength was to try to win over an elderly woman, who attended upon me, to convey a letter to the post. Upon her affecting, after some hesitation, to consent, I wrote to my father, giving him an exact detail of the circumstances which had happened to me since I quitted his house, and, though I could not tell him whereabouts in London I was lodged, yet, as I mentioned the name of the man who had seduced me from home, I judged that he would easily discover me.

wards, instead of being put into the Post-office, was delivered into the hands of the villain, who had been the cause of all my sorrows. It had been for some time a subject of associationent to me, that I had not seen this man since the first night of my arrival in town, particularly

cularly as I had been for many days able to quit my chamber, when I was one morning surprised by a visit from his master. Sir Harry Sapsworth entered the room," " (I thought fo, by heavens!" cried Walfingham) "with an air of easy familiarity, and offered to take my hand. I did not at first remember him, though I had feen him before. and made him a distant curtefy. When he brought himself to my recollection. which he immediately did, it occurred to me that he had heard of his fervant's villainy, and was come to my relief. Impelled by this idea, I fprang toward him, and, feizing him by the hand, exclaimed, Oh, Sir! how glad am I to fee you."-" My dear girl," faid be, folding me gently in his arms, "you make me extremely happy by this charming confession; but why, you little filly creature, did you frighten yourfelf into a fit of fickness?"-" Oh! Sir, I never was fo terrified! that villain, your fervant --- "-" How!" faid he, with fome alarm in his countenance, "I hope the rafcal offered you no infult - no rudeness."- Rudeness! Sir; is not he the cause of my present misery? Here Sir Harry looked perplexed, and we were both for fome time filent .- I have written to my father, Sir," faid I; "but I am afraid my letter has been intercepted: But, now I have feen you I am fatisfied. I hope, Sir, you will be fo kind as to let my father know where I am as foon as possible. To this request he returned no answer and looked, I thought, like a man who had something on his mind which he did not like to impart. After some general questions, as to the conveniences with which I was supplied in my present situation, he told me he would see that I should want for nothing, and, begging me earnestly to take care of my health, lest me.

"In about half an hour afterwards, as I quitted the apartment, in order to go up to my bed room, I thought I heard Sir Harry's voice below. I stopped on the landing-place of the first flight of stairs, from whence I caught part of the conclusion of a conversation between Sir Harry and this fervant, against whose villainy I had fondly hoped he came to protect me. As they quitted the parlour, in which they had been previously talking, I heard the fervant fay, in a low voice—" I cannot help it, Sir; I have procured her for you as I promised. I dare not confess even to you, Sir, half the arts I have used in this bufiness:

business; but five hundred pounds would but poorly repay me for the trouble, expence, and anxiety of mind I have suffered."

" Not so cursed loud," said Sir Harry, though the other spoke in a tone of voice which would scarcely permit me to make out what he faid; and the rest of the conversation was continued in so low a key, that I lost the substance of it. till they left the house. I suffered extremely in beholding the little fabric of hope I had, reared fall to the ground; but my mind was now inured to misfortune, and this last shock did not retard my recovery. Why fhould I trouble you, Sir, with the few disagreeable interviews which have taken place between Sir Harry and myself; instead of checking his inclination towards me, by an unrestrained shew of contempt and aversion, I have been, I am afraid, unfortunate enough to increase it, and he is, when ever we meet, making me the most profuse offers. The other day, in the course of one of those airings, which he infifted I should take for the benefit of my health, and which I am glad to take, as I flatter myself sometimes, that they hold out a distant prospect of an escape, he conveyed me to the house where

where I now am, partly, I suppose, hoping to seduce me by the splendor of my situation, and partly to undermine my principles by the society of an artful woman, of a class of which I have, thank heaven, had no knowledge hitherto: but, surely, Sir, Providence has sent you to my assistance, and I shall be restored in safety to the parents whom I so tenderly love, and who have, I am sure, so deeply lamented the loss of their

only child."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Col. Walfingham, "what a providential meeting was this, with a young creature, whom it has been the object of my unceasing labours to find out for more than a month! But I beg your pardon for this interruption: I am impatient to know what methods you adopted to rescue her from the clutches of Martin, and where you have placed her. If she is now in fafety through your means, the virtue of the act shall not be its sole reward, for you have the thanks of fuch a woman to receive!" "Would to heaven," faid Seymour, "I had that title to them! At parting with her in the evening it was agreed between us, that I should call on her the next day, and, in the mean time, devise some mode by which

which the might escape. It occurred to me, in turning the business over in my mind, that this could be by no means so well effected, as by acquainting the Lady, whom the had mentioned as her patronefs, of her fituation. This Lady's name she had in her narrative omitted, and I called on her the next day to inquire it, and to propose to the girl this flep. To my extreme mortification I found that the had been removed that morning from Mrs. Martin's. A fervant, it feems, had been placed in the house as a fpy upon that lady's conduct, and had given notice of the long interview which had taken place on the preceding evening; nor have I been able to get a fight of this unfortunate girl fince, till last night, when she passed me once at Ranelagh; but the house was fo crowded, that all my attempts to find her again were vain, though, in half a minute after the had passed me, I left fome ladies, with whom I was walking, to pursue her."

"At Ranelagh!' exclaimed Walfingham, "fure the dæmon of ill-luck shed her malignant influence last night! But for a train of vexatious circumstances I should have carried her from Ranelagh, for I have no doubt that she was one of the two women.—Was ever any thing so unfortunate! Oh! Seymour, you do not know what a blessing the discovery of that girl would afford to me! Something must be done, and that immediately. Could you not call on Sir Harry! but—no—I see that is impossible." "Why, I have not seen him since this business. I judged it probable he might have found out that I was the person who had the interview with her at Martin's, and therefore despaired of making any discovery through him." After a pause Seymour went on thus:

" I will tell you what I will do, Walfingham, as you feem so deeply interested in the fate of this girl. The thought never struck me before, I confess; and, I am forry to say, the diffipation of the town foon difpelled the idea of the peril in which this poor girl stood, and the duty, for such, after what had paffed, it certainly was, which I had entailed upon myself. I will call on Sir James Hardy, with whom, I believe, I have the honour to stand particularly well - an honour it certainly is to be esteemed by a man so universally respected for talent and character. He arrived from Italy, where he has been

for a considerable time, a few days ago. He was guardian to Sir Harry, and has a good deal of influence over him. I will make this affair known to him, and I have no doubt but it will end propitiously. Walsingham thanked Seymour a thousand times for this friendly proposal, and that gentleman left him in

fearch of Sir James Hardy.

Sir James happened luckily to be at home when Mr. Seymour called, and received him with great cordiality. Seymour, with much delicacy as to the share which Sir Harry had in the transaction, opened to him the subject of his visit. Sir James felt his humanity very much interested in favour of the unfortunate girl, and his indignation, in spite of Seymour's delicacy, equally raised against Sir Harry, whom he promifed, however, at all events, to fee that morning. Seymour returned to carry this news to Colonel Walfingham, whom he found in a state of extreme anxiety. His bosom, indeed, was agitated by a thousand different ideas, which the adventure of the preceding evening, and the story of the morning had given birth to. In order to dislipate his trouble, Seymour proposed a walk, and they set out, Walfingham's mind being so wholly engroffed, 170 CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

fed, that he never thought of asking whether the servant he had left at Ranelagh was returned.

## CHAP. XXIV.

A MORNING VISIT, WITH A FEW MORNING REFLECTIONS.

CIR James Hardy, divided between indignation and the fuggestions of policy, which told him, that the unrestrained effusions of that indignation were but poorly calculated to forward his purpose, had arrived at Sir Harry Sapsworth's door before he had determined in what manner he should address him. As Sir James stepped up to the door, he saw Sir Harry at the window in a morning gown, and bowed, and, probably, as Sir Harry was at first denied to him, it was to that circumstance that he owed his admittance. When he was introduced, he found his former ward in a fituation which melted much of his indignation into pity: That gentleman arose from a sofa to receive him; his countenance was pale—his look miferable—his eye was funk into his head -his

-his hair undrest-and his arm in a fling. Sir James, with a look of concern, expressed his forrow at seeing him lame. Sir Harry faid, coldly and generally, that he had met with an accident, and turned the conversation to some other subject. After a kind of forced and dry discussion of some common place topic, for Sir James watched an opportunity of introducing the subject which was the cause of his visit, and Sir Harry feemed little inclined to talk at all, the former faid-" Sir Harry, I am really at a loss in what manner I shall make known to you the object of my waiting on you this morning; the theme is fo unpleasant, that ---." "I beg, Sir," faid Sir Harry, "if the theme is unpleafant, you will spare me. I am, God knows, in no humour to hear the discussion of any disagreeable fubject just now."-" Sir Harry, you must permit me to wave ceremony on the present occasion. I have known you from a boy, and though I was aware that, from an early and improper indulgence, you have been led to despise that restraint in the gratification of your pasfions, which is the great characteristic of a manly mind. Still I thought your Honour-." -" Sir James," faid Sir Harry, I 2

Harry, impatiently, "if this harangue is the prelude to a challenge, you have chosen your time very ill. I have been out already this morning, Sir, and shall not, I believe, in a hurry, be able to go out again."—"I am forry for it," said Sir James; "I would not irritate your mind, which seems already labouring under the pressure of some sinister event, which I have no right to inquire into. Let me come briefly to my business; there is an unfortunate girl."

Sir Harry started from the sofa; bit his lips with anger, and walked up the room. Sir James paused—arose to meet him as he came down again, and offered him his hand, which Sir Harry, rather coolly, took.—"Come," said Sir James, "restore her to her parents; you cannot apply a better balm to your mind, if it is wounded by any missortune." Sir Harry walked several times hastily up and down the room without returning any answer. At length he seated himself again.

"Sir James," faid he, "if I were inclined to comply with your request, it is out of my power: I do not know where she is." Though Sir James did not absolutely shake his head, Sir Harry saw something in his countenance which implied

implied his disbelief of all this .- "Sir," faid he, " you will not, I trust, doubt the truth of what I fay, when I tell you, upon my honour, that I lost her last night. She was removed, by the treachery of a rascal I trusted, from the lodging in which I had placed her, and that loss is the cause of my state of mind this morning; a state of misery which, in the course of my life, I have never before experienced; but, Sir, that you may no longer entertain the least doubt of the truth of what I affert, I will give you a direction to the lodgings she occupied no longer ago than yesterday. At present I beg you will spare me the pain of any farther conversation on the subject."-Sir lames then took the address, and, with a good deal of chagrin at the ill success of his visit, departed.

When Sir Harry said that the state of his mind was a state of more misery than he had ever before selt, he, perhaps, spoke with more truth than generally exists in the trite declaration, "I was never so unhappy in my life," which is commonly made with as much regard to veracity as the frequent observation, that the day is the coldest or warmest day I ever felt, an observation regularly

occurring

warm day throughout the year.

When the events of the preceding evening are unfolded, it will certainly appear that Sir Harry's situation was far from enviable; and to a man who enjoyed youth, health, distinction and riches, it might easily be the most unhappy he

had ever experienced.

Sir Harry had, as Mr. Seymour rightly conjectured, heard from a fervant in the house of a tête à tête which took place between that gentleman and Betfy, and, by the advice of Mr. Black, removed her to the house of a woman, who, after having been in good keeping, was supposed to be married to that worthy personage; but from whom, notwithstanding he had, for some time, lived separate. Under the roof of this woman Sir Harry had made as little progress with Betsy as before; indeed he had been latterly fo occupied by his necessary attendance at Derham-house, that he could gain but few opportunities of feeing her. He had, therefore, very wifely determined to delay his most ferious attacks upon the chaftity of this poor girl, till the hurry of his marriage should be over, and his time more

more on his own hands. In the interval, his chief aim was to keep her from feeing any other person, or from being seen herself.

This was the object he chiefly recommended to his faithful fervant, Mr. Black, who quieted his fears by affuring him, that he might perfectly rely on the lady with whom she was then placed. Mrs. Black, indeed, was prudent enough to fee the magnitude of the trust reposed in her, and was extremely watchful that Betfy should not escape from her clutches. This lady, however, had one foible; she loved drinking to madness, and, when a little elevated, was a good deal off her guard. In short, she was in this situation on that eventful evening, when she proposed to Betfy a scheme to Ranelagh; Betfy, who was ever on the watch for some opportunity to escape, readily acquiesced in this propofal. The carriage in which they went was broken down by Sir Harry's, as has been related, and poor Betfy narrowly missed being discovered both by Miss Derham and Colonel Walfingham; the artifices of Sir Harry having prevented it in the former case, and a train of untoward circumstances in the latter. It was very unfortunate that Betfy should have discovered neither of her friends; but when the brilliant and dazzling effects of the rotunda of Ranelagh on a crowded night is confidered as operating on the mind of a young person for the first time, that circumstance will be easily accounted for. The voice of Betsy, which struck Miss Derham when the accident happened, in the road to Ranelagh, made an immediate impression on the ear of Sir Harry, who fprang out of his coach to prevent a discovery, which must have ruined his hopes in the Derham family for ever.

What was the success of his attempts, both there and at Ranelagh, has been already related. Vexed at the imprudence of the woman, to whose care Betsv was intrusted, and more vexed at the little effect his remonstrances had on her, Sir Harry left Ranelagh in a very bad temper, which he was compelled to disguise. He had no sooner sat Miss Derham down, than he ordered his coachman to drive to the house in which he had placed Betfy. He found nobody at home. After a few curfes, he drove to Ranelagh. Some stragglers remained, but the object of his fearch was not among

among them. He returned to the place he had left. He waited there an hour. Nobody came. It was now near four o'clock. He went to the Mount coffeehouse, and ordered fomething for supper. He felt no inclination to eat; he ordered a bottle of Burgundy, finished it in a very short time, and ordered another. He had got some way into a third, and grew warm with the liquor, without finding his mind relieved; he determined to return in fearch of Betfy, paid his bill, and had got to the door, when he was met and jostled by a man who was entering. His ill-humour now broke forth, he was infolent by nature and education. The person who was the present object of his ill temper, was in no humour to bear it patiently; he was one of the honourable fraternity of gamesters, and had on that evening met with a run against him. A challenge quickly enfued. Sir Harry went again to the house in search of Betsy; he was again disappointed. When Sir James Hardy faw him he was just returned. from a meeting with the person he had infulted at the Mount, with a wound in the arm near the shoulder, which. though flight, gave him a good deal of pain. This, with his disappointment as 1 5 to to Betsy, and the weight of the wine in his head, gave him sufficient reason to say, that he had never before been so completely miserable in the course of his life.

#### CHAP. XXV.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOME SCENES NOT MUCH FREQUENTED.

THEN Ned Sanford quitted the prison, the thoughts of Betsy alone occupied his mind. He promised old Braddyl, indeed, to return to Derham; but he fecretly and firmly resolved never to fee his native village again, till he should have found the charming and lamented object of his constant medita-Thus determined, though his pride at first revolted at the idea of applying to his own use any part of the money, which his humane gaoler had for carefully picked up, the reflection, that it might affift him in the fearch he contemplated, induced him to accept it, and, after thanking this kind friend, and offering him whatever recompence the little store itself would afford, an offer which

which was instantaneously rejected, he mounted on the roof of the first coach, which set out for London, his mind alternately raised and depressed by the hope of success in his search, or the painful idea that all his efforts might prove fruitless. Indeed, nothing but the sanguine hopes which arise in an endless succession at that period of life to which Ned had attained, in a mind so replete with enthusiasm as his own, could for a moment have inspired him with the most distant idea of a flattering conclusion to a search so extremely vague as that in which he was about to engage.

In the course of Ned's journey, as the coach, on the roof of which he was feated, was rattling through a town, a horse-man, who was coming the contrary way, attracted all his attention. If Ned was furprifed at the appearance of Mr. Black (for he was the horse-man. who approached) the fight of Ned excited a double degree of aftonishment in that worthy personage, who had his eyes fixed on him when his horse made that unlucky trip, by which his arm was fractured. This accident, by attracting; all his notice, was probably the cause of Ned's missing Colonel Walsingham. whom otherwise, as he stood in the road,

he must have seen. It was about three o'clock in the morning when this coach. which, as has been observed, ran in opposition to a mail, entered the inn in London. It is not extraordinary that Ned's appearance, who was in the very dress in which he was tried, consisting of his common working jacket, a pair of leathern breeches, and yarn flockings, with a small round hat, neither of them in the best state of repair, did not procure him any very cordial reception at this place. It was in vain that he used all his rhetoric to procure a night's lodging: The hostler, however, who was a good-natured fellow, and would, if it had not been for the trifling inconvenience of its being occupied by the housemaid, have offered Ned half of his bed, directed him to a part of the town, where he told him there were houses open to receive lodgers at every hour of the night. Ned then, as foon as he had fettled with the coachman, left the inn, and paced, for the first time, the streets of the metropolis. They were filent and folitary; the drowfy hum of a watchman walking in his fleep, or the inarticulate growling of a discontented drunkard, were the only founds that disturbed the dreary stillness of the scene, nor was the ear

ear poisoned by the most dreadful of all The oaths and execration of female reprobates were heard no more: the laudable occupation of the guardians of the night, in driving about those who cannot buy their protection for the amusement of those who can, had long ceased; in short, none but the most wretched of this unfortunate fisterhood remained in the streets, and they were huddled up together, striving to sleep away their forrows in the only lodging their miseries had left them—the cold stone at the door of some deserted house -a fituation fo forlorn, that even the austere virtue of a watchman was content that they should occupy it unmolefted.

Wrapped up in meditation on the strange novelty of the scene before him, Ned passed slowly on till he arrived at that quarter of the town called St. Giles's; he there discovered a public-house still open; it proved to be one of those houses which are kept open during the best part of the night, and are thence called night-houses, for the reception of hackney coachmen and others, whose employment calls them forth at late hours. Ned entered this house, and calling for a pint of beer, asked if he could

could be accommodated with a bed? He was answered by a lad, apparently of about his own age, and very shabbily dreffed, who told him, that he would conduct him to the place where he him-felf designed to lodge for that night. They accordingly left this public-house, and Ned was conducted by his companion through two or three dirty narrow freets to one of those houses which are let out in miserable tenements, where, to the disgrace even of the disgraceful police of this metropolis, the wretched infant vagrants of either fex, the little wandering female, who, in the era of absolute childhood, strolls about with matches or hat-pins, and the lurking pick-pocket, of the same age, are huddled into one bed for a wretched pittance from the gains of the day! Ned, to whom these scenes were as new as the description of them may be to some readers, shuddered as he paffed through an apartment, thus occupied, to a miferable truckle-bed in the corner, on which, having deposited the sum of two pence, he threw himself, without undressing, by the side of his companion, and, harassed by the fa-tigue of the day, soon fell asleep.

#### CHAP. XXVI

AN EXAMINATION BEFORE A MAGIS-TRATE OF NO VERY SINGULAR KIND.

TN a street, at some, though no con-I fiderable, distance from this precinct, lives the worshipful Mr. Dier, a justice of the peace for the county of Middlesex. It happened on the day preceding the evening on which Ned arrived in London, that this worthy gentleman found himself a little straitened for cash, to carry on the necessary business of his office, a circumstance which was likely so seriously to affect the welfare of the public, that it became absolutely necesfary, in his opinion, to provide a remedy for the evil; he therefore called a council, confisting of his clerk and chief runner, at which, as it became manifest, upon inquiry, that none of those convenant ladies, who were under the protection of his Worship, had afforded a pretence to call upon them for a supply on this exigency by any omission in their weekly or monthly payments (an omission which, indeed, the regularity with which business was carried on at this office, would scarcely permit to occur).

occur) a general fearch was agreed on, which promised, besides casualties, if it should turn out successful, at the moderate calculation of a shilling for each warrant of commitment, no contemptible sum.

In profecution of this refolve, the streets were duly scowered, and just before the break of day, when it was fupposed that the birds might be taken napping, a defcent was meditated on certain of those tenements, in one of which Ned had taken up his abode; but that strict justice might be done, it is but fair to fay, that it was chiefly defigned against those, the holders of which had been rather flack in their compliments to the coffers of his Worship. In fishing these stews (for such, metaphorically as well as literally, they were) confiderable advantages were to be foreseen by a man of a speculative turn.

It is true, that few children, who have been so miserable as to take up their abode in such places, stand much chance of being reclaimed; though it may happen, in very early youth, that the anxious care of a parent, who has retrieved a child, may weed out the shoots of iniquity which, in so moderate a soil, take, perhaps, but a slight root; but, if it can be judiciously contrived, that these shoots shall be transplanted to the luxuriant hot bed of a gaol, they will speedily acquire a degree of strength, which may defy every attempt at deracination. What an advantage this may prove, in a country, where, probably, by a little contrivance, at least half the penal laws might become torpid for want of employment, need scarcely be pointed out.

Ned had fearcely got into his first sleep when he was awakened by a violent noise. He started, and perceived three or four ruffians standing near his bed, who, with many blasphemous execrations, ordered the poor little miserable inmates of the place to put on their rags and attend them! When this was done, during the performance of which much mirth arose in the minds of these humane retailers of justice, and many witty remarks were excited, each couple was accommodated with a pair of handcuffs, and they were all conducted to a place of security till the worshipful Magistrate should be at leisure to sign their respective warrants of commitment. It had not long struck nine (for the attention of this gentleman to the duties of his office was indefatigable) when the produce of the feveral fearches of the preceding

preceding night was laid before him. Their respective names were asked, and commitments made out, with a dispatch, which reflected infinite credit on the ability of his Worship's clerk. It was in vain that many women, who had been taken up in the streets, protested, with truth, that fo far from being common street-walkers, they were merely pursuing their own bufiness, or talking with their friends; in vain did they offer proof of this; in vain did two or three lads, who were apprentices, or fervants, offer to fend for their masters or relations-Commit was the word, and they were referred to the interest of their friends, if they had any, to mitigate the rage of justice in this rigid devotee to morals, decency, and good order at a future period. In fhort, the innocent and the guilty, the poor mifguided female, who had barely taken the first step in the paths of vice, and the honest labouring apprentice, were linked with the abandoned prostitute and incorrigible thief, and fent to mend their morals in a gaol! No doubt it humanely fuggested itself to his Worship, that a former would imbibe a detestation of vice, by viewing it in its most odious colours, and that the latter would

would profit by what they had been fo little accustomed to behold—the image of virtue and decorum in the former.

The officers belonging to this respectable Magistrate knew every person who had been taken in the house with Ned Sanford, except Ned himfelf; and their curiofity was not a little excited by a new face; it promifed something; they fet about pumping the lad, who had been found on the same bed with him. After some kind of hesitation at giving any intelligence that might hurt another, the promise of his liberty operated upon this boy, and he told them that he knew little more of Ned, than that he had been taken up for robbery formerly and tried. This fatisfactory intelligence was conveyed in a whisper to his Worfhip, and a gentleman who fat by him on the bench, and upon Ned's asking, most impudently, as his Worship told him, whether he might not be heard before he was committed, this worthy magistrate, chuckling inwardly at the information he had received, demanded of him, in a voice which he thought little calculated to betray his knowledge on the subject, whence he came? Ned, to his extremefurprife, answered, in a tone of perfect fimplicity, from the gaol at -, where he

had been tried for a highway robbery,

and honourably acquitted.

" Ho! ho!" faid his Worship, "honourably, no doubt; we must take care, however, not to put you in a way

of being acquitted again."

When Ned's commitment was made out, he fighed deeply, and, after some pause, asked whether he might not have the money which the officers had taken from him? The worthy Magistrate, with whom the doctrine of refunding was no very favourite tenet, answered, that it should be taken care of, and Ned was going without his money, when the gentleman, who fat by the justice, asked. Ned what money it was? who answered, that he had, when taken, half a guinea, and some filver. This gentleman, who attended the office to give information against some persons by whom he had been robbed, was Sir James Hardy, whose friendly interference with Sir Harry Sapfworth has been already mentioned. His rank in life, and respectable character, gave him great weight with the Magistrate; and, upon his obferving that, as the money could not, in all probability, lead to any discovery, he thought it ought to be restored. Ned received it, and, his commitment being figned,

figned, was put into the hands of the officer to be conveyed to gaol. There was fomething in the unaffected fimplicity of Ned's answer to the question of the Magistrate, as to the place whence he last came, which, though it made no impression on that worthy personage, very much interested Sir James. There was fomething also in his person, and, as he persuaded himself, even in his name, which struck him, and, though from an idea that there could be no great harm in keeping a lad, who, by his own confession, had once already been in a gaol, in fafe custody for some time, he did not much care to oppose his commitment, yet he determined to make fome inquiries concerning him, and actually fet about it the next day; but he had, unluckily frustrated his own scheme by procuring the money to be returned to Ned, who was no sooner out of the office than he received a hint, that for a trifle, well applied, he might obtain his freedom. Though Ned, whose eye was extremely quick, thought he perceived a very fignificant glance darted from the justice to the constable when his money was re-delivered to him, yet he judged it to be no more than a reproof for the flowness with which his orders were executed;

ecuted; nor did he for a moment conjecture, that any body but the constable himself had any share in the half guinea, by depositing which he procured his liberty; and surely the reader, whose mind is of course enlarged by a thorough knowledge of mankind, and an extensive course of reading will most perfectly agree with him on this subject, and reject the idea, that the purity of a Magistrate, presiding over the morals of this great city, could endure such contamination.

#### CHAP. XXVII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED.

In the course of their morning's walk, as Colonel Walsingham and Captain Seymour were passing through St. James's-Street, they met Miss Derham. This meeting, which was so direct, that he could not, by any means, avoid speaking to her, was a sad stroke upon poor Walsingham, who had avoided an interview with this dangerous relation, most assiduously, ever since her marriage with Sir Harry had been supposed to be so near a conclusion. Situated

ated as he was, however, he was compelled to accost her. This he did with visible constraint—a quality that had little share in the address of the Lady, which was frank and open, and had in it fomething fo little allied to the coldness which it had formerly displayed, that her regard for her amiable coufin was visible to his friend Seymour, who, in the character of a by-stander, perceived what was, perhaps, unnoticed by either of the parties engaged. As they were converfing together, the door of a banker's shop, opposite to which they stood, suddenly opened, and one of the clerks (addressing Miss Derham) told her, that there was a young man in the shop who wished earnestly to speak with her. The Lady, a good deal furprised at this, asked, with some reserve in her manner, why the person, whoever he was, did not himself come out to her? In answer to this the clerk told her, that they had found it necessary to secure him, from fome fuspicions which they entertained of his conduct; that, while in this fituation, upon feeing her go by, he had faid that he knew her, and begged earneftly that he might be permitted to speak to her. Miss Derham, to whose affistance distress was a sure claim, entered the

the banker's door, attended by Walfingham and Captain Seymour, and in the shop discovered old Braddyl's apprentice, Luke Level. She accosted him with her usual sweetness, and asked him "what had brought him there, and how long he had left Braddyl's family?"

"I left them on last first day, friend," quoth Luke, " and I am well pleafed to fee thee, because it is in thy power to relieve me from my difficulty."-" I thank you for your motive at least," faid Miss Derham; " but what is this difficulty?"-" Thee must know," faid Luke, " that they detain me here on account of a note, which I have presented for payment, and which, they fay, is not of the hand-writing of the person .-"Where did you get the note?" faid Walfingham, interrupting him. - "From Harry Sapfworth," answered Luke.-" Harry Sapfworth!" faid Walfingham, fmiling .- "Truly," replied Luke; " I received it from Harry Sapfworth;" then turning to Miss Derham, with the fame cold countenance, "friend Harry Sapfworth," continued he, "who is fo foon to be wedded to thee."

Miss Derham blushed deeply; nor did she dare to look at Walsingham, who, feeling at that moment extremely for her

her, told Luke, with some acrimony, to speak with more respect. To this he was only answered by a stare, compounded of ignorance and unfeeling impudence.—The clerks could scarcely forbear fmiling; but the chief of them, taking up the story here, told Colonel Walfingham that they had late on the preceding day, detected a forgery to a confiderable amount on Sir Harry Sapfworth, who kept cash at their house; but that the perpetrators had escaped, as they had fent an ignorant boy with the bill, and, probably, fuspecting something from the lad's long stay, had quitted the place at which they had appointed to meet him, when he should have received the money; that their clerk had not been able to meet with Sir Harry on the preceding day, but that they had just fent to him the forged notes, with that which the young man (meaning Luke) had presented for his inspection. Miss Derham then told the lad that his fituation was a very ferious one, and again asked him if he was fure that he had received the note from Sir Harry?

"I received it from his fervant, James Black," replied Luke, "which is all one, thee knowest."—"How," said Walsingham,

Wallingham, "came Sir Harry's fervant to give you ten pounds?"—" From motives of friendship," faid Luke. Wallingham repeated his questions feveral times, but could procure no other answer. He then (addressing himself to Miss Derham) begged she would not let this business derain her, for that he would himself, with pleasure, wait the

event of it.

Will you add to your kindness, cousin Sidney," faid the, with a smile, " by letting me know that event? for I am really interested in it. You have forbidden yourfelf the entrance of Derhamhouse, I know, till the discovery of my poor little girl." She paufed, and checked a figh.—" If I have power to absolve you, your rash vow shall stand for nothing."—" Ah! my sweet cousin," faid Sidney, "you know not half my motives for abstaining from ---Here he paufed. " If I have any tolerable guess at them," said the, bluffing, "they owe their most formidable qualities to your own imagination. In my present disposition of mind, I am sure they do." Here Miss Derham, looking down, as if to adjust her cloak, and waving her hand to Sidney, said, in a low, faulter-ing voice, "Don't follow me; stay and

fee how this will end." She then hurtied out of the shop, and left a fenfation in the bosom of Colonel Walsingham, that he would not have exchanged for the throne of an Eastern monarch.

Harry Sapsworth's, with such an account of the bills as liberated Luke Level. It turned out, upon inspection, that the bill which he had presented was not forged, thoughthose which had been presented on the preceding day were so. Walfingham then ordered a coach, and, leaving his friend Seymour to pursue his walk, took Luke home with him, in hopes that, through him he might gain some clue in a business which every moment grew more and more obscure.

Luke, after a long examination by Colonel Walfingham, at last confessed, that Mr. Black shad cultivated a great intimacy with him, and set him to watch the motions of Ned Sanford; that he particularly questioned him concerning Ned's conduct at Marston when he met him there; and that, to recompense him for his assiduity, and purchase his secresy, as to the subject of their continual conversations, he had given him a note for ten pounds, and numberless promises of setting him up handsomely

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if he should chuse to settle in town.

" Good God !" faid Walfingham, with emotion, "did you fee your companion in danger of losing his life, without disclosing to any one what you knew of the transaction?"-" No one asked me aquestion," said Luke, " that I did not answer. Friend Wharton wished to know if I could tell where Edward Sanford was at feven o'clock. I told him I had quitted Marston at fix; where was the necessity of telling those things which were not demanded?"-" Pray," faid Walfingham, " what brought you to town now?"-" My mind," faid Luke, "hath dwelt much on the promiles of friend Black. I became unquiet therewith, and could not rest till I had obtained the license of my master Braddyl to take a short journey to the great city, not doubting that, if I could procure a fettlement here, he would fet me free from my indentures, for he careth little for worldly concerns fince the loss of his daughter."-" Poor fellow!" exclaimed Sidney.-" I wrote," continued Luke, "to James Black, addreffing him, at his mafter, Harry Sapfworth's, to intimate that I was coming to town, and, yesterday, when I arrived at the inn where the waggon puts up, I

found

found that he had been waiting for me; and being compelled to retire before my arrival, had left a letter, directing me to fee him early this morning; but in my way I thought I might as well change my note, and that led me into the perplexity in which I was when thee faw me but now."-" Then you were going to Sir Harry Sapfworth's?" faid Walfingham -" No," faid Luke -" He directed me to meet him at another place, which raised in me some admiration."-"Where is that place?" cried the Colonel, with a quickness that alarmed the phlegmatic Luke: He, however, pulled a letter out of his pocker, in which Walfingham found a direction to a Mr. Harris, at a house in the neighbourhood of Paddington; whither, as foon as a hackney-coach could be procured, Walfingham drove, attended by Luke. Colonel Walfingham, though he had not feen Sir James Hardy fince his unfuccessful negotiation, and did not, therefore, imagine that Betfy was out of the custody of Sir Harry, had yet no doubt that Mr. Black was privy to the concealment of her, wherever the might be, and could not forbear entertaining fanguine hopes of making some material discovery at the house to which Luke

had been directed. They arrived in fomething less than an hour, every mor ment of which appeared twice as long as it actually was, at a small house in a retired fpot, nearly furrounded by gardens, at the door of which they knocked repeatedly before they could procure an answer. At length a woman, rather beyond the middle age, appeared, and resolved all their questions concerning Mr. Harris with a referve and fhyness, which induced Walfingham, with very little ceremony, to pull by her as fhe stood at the door into the house. This conduct alarmed the woman. affured him that there was no person in the house but herself, and offered to conduct him all over if. This offer he accepted, and found what the had flated to be true. He had at length given up this fruitless fearth, and was leaning against a post, extremely chagrined at his ill-fuccess, when he faw a woman flanding at the door of the next house, with her eyes fixed on him, and a countenance to completely betraying an anxiety to communicate fome intelligence, with which her mind was labouring, that it induced him immediately to accost her. After a very little conversation with her he learned that, very late

on the preceding evening, a gentleman, attended by two Ladies, extremely dreffed, had arrived at the house of her neighbour, of whom, she said, as she was a very late comer, the knew nothing; that the noise they were compelled to make in procuring admission alarmed her, and that she left her bed to look out of the window; that one of the Ladies, as far as she could discern by the light of the candle which was brought out, was very young, and very: handsome, and that the gentleman had his arm in a fling. She added, that she believed they had left the house early in the morning, as the had neither feen nor heard of them in the course of the day. Colonel Walfingham had no doubt, from the description, that these were the persons he was in search of, and retired very much vexed at having again so narrowly missed the object of his search, and agitated by fensations extremely fimilar to those of a man, whose ticket in the lottery is next in number to a twenty thousand pounds prize.

### CHAP. XXVIII.

A FEW ANECDOTES CONCERNING MR. BLACK.

R. James Black was pretty well delineated by the landlord of the inn, when he described him as one of the greatest villains under the sun.

The father of this gentleman was known to the world in the character of a lawyer: without being bred to, or admitted into, the profession itself, in any one fituation of it. he was an adept at all that kind of bufiness which tends to difgrace it. In vain did the courts of juftice fulminate against him for his practice. Over the conduct of the members of their own corps they have some sway, of which fway much depends upon their power of dismission; but they could not drive a man from his fituation, who had no fituation from which he might be driven. This gentleman had already been transported, and to the punishment of the pillory he was tolerably callous. His competency as a witness, however, being destroyed, he felt much of his ability, in the performance of certain duties of his profession, decline, and

and faw, with pleasure, his son James develope, every day, more strongly the promise of a good person, and a very acute and subtle head. Most strenuously did he inculcate to him the dread of that punishment which had, he said,

so materially injured his father.

" Avoid, if possible, the pillory," faid he, " not that there is any thing in standing there; it is no bad way of passing an hour; but the consequences! If ever a period should arrive, at which your oath becomes of no importance, you are a ruined man. - Whether this advice made a deeper impression on the fon than the father intended it should, is doubtful: Certain it is, however, that he had fcarcely attained the age of nineteen when he married the fifter of his mother, a female, whom his father had taken to his bed with less ceremony, and despising the grovelling tricks of his fire, deffined about a thousand pounds, of which the Lady was possessed, to speculations of an higher order. He quitted the perlieus of Chick-Lane, in which he had till then refided -hired an house at the west end of the town - set up a phaeton-kept a brace of hunters, and affociated with the best company he could attain to. He fell, however, by a K 5 very very natural bias in fortune, into the fociety of men of his own stamp. man, who is very eafy of access, however prepoffelling his appearance may be, is always to be approached with caution. The necessity that, for the purposes of villainy in the present day, the perpetrators of it should, in expence and external splendor, vie with gentlemen, has given to the manners of the age, have acquired a fastidiousness which, though much the topic of blame with half-witted men, particularly travellers, is a fafeguard absolutely effential to men of honesty and property: to those men only then, who, except a very few raw boys of distinction, were glad to take up with any fociety, did Mr. Black, with all his expence, gain admittance. He found them the counterparts of himfelf, with little ability, and that little never expanded by education. Though deemed by themselves, and the very young men around them, persons of fuperior talents, they possessed no one gift which approached the endowment of a human mind; but a confummate portion of cunning, extremely refembling the inflinctive mischief of a monkey; and this, accompanied, as the most trivial talents invariably are, with a vanity which

which obtruded it on the eve of every observer, insomuch, that the few untaught lads of rank, who, upon quitting school, or college, fell into their hands, foon escaped them, though not without the loss of some feathers. In this fociety Mr. Black foon diffipated the fortune, and broke the heart of his wife. He had, as related by his friend the landlord, known various gradations, as his necessities compelled him to assume different forms. He was at one time a bailiff's follower, at another he had a share in a banking house, which issued small bills, and broke to the destruction of some hundreds of the most hanest and laborious part of the community; he has been an advertisingmoney-lender, and the keeper of a Faro bank, and became a bankrupt whenever if fuited his convenience; but being driven by necessity to the commission of a swindling transaction, the consequences of which grew ferious, he was compelled to quit the line he was in, and was recommended by a Mr. O'Farrel, an intimate acquaintance, to the service of Sir Harry Sapsworth. He had, in the course of the vicifitudes of his fortune, found himself, more than once, in the situation of a valet, a post higher, perhaps, than

any in which birth and education had originally defigned that he should act, and he was pretty well at home in the duties of his station.

He did not engage in the fervice of Sir Harry without a firm resolution to fleece him with as much dexterity and perseverance as possible, till he should be enabled to make up a purfe; and, as foon as he had accomplished that defirable end, he was fully determined to embark for the Continent, and try his fortune on a foil less unfriendly to his ingenuity than this had proved. In consequence of this determination he watched the Baronet most assiduously, and quickly perceived how much he was fascinated with the unadorned charms of Betsv Braddyl. He soon became the confidant of his master on the subject of his love, and boldly promifed him the gratification of his defires, to accomplish which, however, he let him know that a round fum of money would be necessary. Sir Harry was vicious, more through indolence and habit than any great depravity of heart. - He thought of nothing in this scheme but the possession of Betsy, in whom he saw a very leautiful figure, extremely calculated to decorate a splendid equipage, which he determined

determined to bestow on her. Had he been acquainted but with half the villainy which Mr. Black found it necessary to wade through, in order to accomplish his end, even his apathy would have been moved to horror.

When Black perceived that the chaftity of this poor girl was thoroughly proof against the seduction of all those fcenes of fplendor, which he contrived artfully enough to display in his various conversations with her and her mother. he looked about for a cause for this extraordinary degree of virtue, for such he thought it. When a man doubts the existence of goodness, it is, at least, fair to doubt that he possesses a single particle of it. Mr. Black had, with a modesty peculiar to those gentlemen whose minds are framed like his, satisfied himself, that that which he did not find himself possessed of, existed no where: In short, he laughed at the idea of virtue, though he felt the existence of vice. Under the influence of these ideas he turned to feek for the motive of Betfy's conduct on the present occasion, and it was not long before he perceived the innocent and pure attachment, which grew every day more visible in all her actions, towards Nen Sanford. It was foon

foon resolved that this boy must be removed; but the means of removing him were not fo eafily attained. In turning the business over in his mind, the image of his father occurred to the recollection of Mr. Black. This father was now grown old and poor; but he still grubbed on in the lower scenes of infamy. Black knew that no man had formerly been more expert in procuring persons whose presence was requisite, or in getting those out of the way who stood in ir. In the course of his application to this venerable gentleman, he renewed his acquaintance with a Mr. Davis, who, not feeling the fling of ambition as strongly as young Black, had pursued the same principles in a lower sphere.

Mr. Davis had visited, under various names, as many gaols as the benevolent Howard, and it was (as Gibbet says) for the good of his country that he should do so. He had, however, the good luck, at the same time when Black renewed his acquaintance with his father, to be unincumbered with any of these patriotic duties; in truth he was, what was not very often the case with

him, at large.

With this gentleman then was the worthy triumvirate completed, who

framed

framed the scheme, the event of which has been related against the life and 14berty of this poor boy; not probably that either of them wished his death. Nay, even Mr. Davis was heard to declare, that, though he puffied hard for a capital conviction against him, as the forty pounds, payable upon fuch conviction, would have been a pretty thing in addition to the douceur which he had received from Mr. Black, yet he had determined, in the character of profecutor, to recommend the lad to the mercy of the court. Nothing, however, is certain on this fublunary globe. The humanity of Mr. Davis, as we have feen, had no opportunity for exertion. He himself became an object for the exertion of the humanity of others, if fuch a quality could be excited by the inadequate punishment, which the failure of so detestable a plot had incurred. As, before poor Ned's acquittal Mr. Black had accomplished all that he intended, it became a matter of indifference to him what became of the boy; but the commitment of Davis was by no means fo; he dreaded the anger of his accomplice; he was haftening down to him when he broke his arm; and he was no sooner in a state to be removed, than he took a **fpeedy** 

speedy departure for town, in order to procure bail for this respectable friend.

Mr. Black was received again with great cordiality by his master, who, to do him justice, was not acquainted with the true cause of his journey; and, having accomplished the first object of his return to town, Mr. Davis was once

more turned loofe on fociety.

Still, however, the ruin of poor little Betfy was procrastinated by an opposition which Mr. Black's philosophy could not account for; and he began to fear, that half the profits he had hoped for from this job would fail him; he therefore determined on a bold stroke at once. and, being a little in the fecrets of his master's fortune, as well as of his pleafures, he made fome attacks on his banker, which were attended with fuccess; in short, he had already, by a wellconcerted system of forgery, possessed himself of a tolerable sum, when the news of Luke Level's intended arrival alarmed him. The bill he had given to Luke was among some more fecret fervice money, and which he had received from his master. He knew the spirit of hoarding which was in this prudent lad; and, among other forgeries, almost the first that struck him was, that of the note rhisset.

note in question, as it could not be detected till Luke should undertake a journey to town, who would hardly raise the suspicions of his neighbours by offering it for circulation in the country. He waited with extreme impatience at the inn for the arrival of the waggon, in which Luke was expected, till he could wait no longer, and then left the letter, which has been before mentioned. was on his return from this place that he heard, by means of one of his accomplices, of the detection, on the fame day, of a forgery to a tolerable amount. He took the only resolution for a wife man in his fituation, that of retiring. As he knew his master was at Ranelagh, he ventured to call on the Lady, whom he honoured with his name, to communicate to her some few particulars. He was aftonished to hear that she was gone to Ranelagh likewife. He waited impatiently for her return, and, in waiting, an idea fuggested itself to him; he thought if he could take off Betfy with him, in his retreat the might prove an admirable hoftage, and procure him good terms, if he should be compelled to treat with his master. He went, to prepare the Lady of the house to which Colonel Walfingham attended Luke at Paddington

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Paddington (the only retreat which occurred to him on the occasion) and who was no other than the nominal wife of Mr. Davis, for the scheme, and conveyed Mrs. Black and Bersy thicker on their neturn from Ranelagh.

# CHAP. XXIX.

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shink only the David State beginned

OON after Ned Sanford's discharge from the commitment of that worthy magistrate, Mr. Dier, and when he had exhaulted almost every farthing of the remainder of the pittance which he faved from the fangs of the constable; as he was viewing the Parade, at guardmounting, in St. James's Park, he difcovered Colonel Walfingham in converfation with one of the officers of the guard. The moment he faw him difengaged he accosted him; that gentleman, who was extremely rejoiced to fee him, offered to take him into his fervice. an offer which was most gratefully accepted by poor Ned, who had on that very morning come to a determination et east Wellingham aucaded hake at

norgaille!

to inlift in the regiment which was then

on duty.

On the evening on which Betfy was for frequently feen at Ranelagh, Ned attended his mafter to that place, and his absence from his post at the time when the carriage was called up, after preventing the Colonel's intended pursuit, compelled him in the event to teturn to London without him.

It happened that Ned, who, upon receiving the orders already mentioned, went immediately to the carriage, foundi fome difficulty in discovering his way back again to that entrance of the house at which he had left his master. His ignorance of the place, and its known intricacy, fo perplexed him, that he made several fruitless attempts to reach the door. At length, when he thought he had nearly accomplished this, a link. boy paffed him, with the stump of a link in one hand, and his hat in the other. blacking the clothes and faces, and bleffing the honours of a Gentleman and two Ladies in their way to a backneycoach at no great diftance. The Gentleman's back was turned towards Ned as he passed, for he was very earnestly whilpering to one of the Ladies; in the other of whom, though the was very

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handsomely dreft. Ned was convinced he faw the object of his early and only attachment. He was thunder-struck at the fight. He could not believe his eyes. What was to be done? He stepped back after her. - Colonel Walfingham's fervant was called.—He stepped forward towards his master. - He looked round:-They were at the step of the coach .- The Ladies got in .- The Gentleman, who wore the arm, which was on the fide nearest to where Ned stood, in a fling, could only help himfelf into the coach with the other. In doing this, he turned round to d-n the poor link-boy. The light shone full on his face, and in that face Ned thought he discovered the individual features of Mr. Black.—He ran towards the coach.— He was going to speak; his natural modefty first checked him : " If they should not prove the persons he supposed them to be!" His prudence determined him: "If they should, he might ruin all by discovering himself!" During this short reflection his master was wholly forgotten.) The coach was about to move, when Ned, agitated by a sudden impulse, ran forward, and jumped up behind it. The coach passed through the turnpike at Hyde-Park Corner, and up Parkbussi Lane

Lane to Paddington. When it came near the place of its destination, it began to move slowly, and Ned, who guessed the cause of it, got down, and stood aloof. He had scarcely quitted it, when it turned short out of the road down a rugged lane, which seemed to be newly mended with bricks and rubbish, and soon stopped at a door in a garden-wall, at which the coachman rang.

Ned now crept as near to the opposite fide of the coach as he could, without running the risque of a discovery, and was confirmed in his first conjectures by the well-known voice of the lovely girl within the carriage, who was vehemently complaining that the was deceived. The door opened, and Black got out, followed by Betfy, who exclaimed-"Oh! heavens, protect me! Where will allthis villainy end?" She seemed to hesitate on the step of the coach, till Black, who had hold of her hand, compelled her to descend. The other Lady followed, and they entered the garden together. The coachman, who had received his fare, now got upon his box, and began to back his horses, that he might turn about. In attempting to do this, he found one of his wheels behind fuddenly descending so deep a declivity, that

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that the carriage was in danger of being over-tumed. He applied his whip of diecelsfully to his horses, that he speeidily regained his former fituation, when he thought it prudent to quit his box, and ring at the bell for a light. Ned no fooner faw this than be fole round. and placed himself close to the wall, as near the door as he could fland to avoid detection. He foon faw Mr. Black open the door with a candle in his hand, who, mpon the coachman's application, croffed the road to light him, while he endeavoured to turn about. Ned no fooner perceived an opportunity thus afforded him of gaining the garden of this house unperceived than he seized it, and, entering it, turned short to the right. He foon perceived himself intercepted by the remains of an old yew hedge which flood near the wall, and, creeping behind it, faw Black, after he shad affifted the coachman to negain the high road, return, lock the garden-gate after him, and, croffing the garden, enter the house. Ned heard him secure the door; soon afterward the light disappeared from a small window over it, and that fide of the house towards him was left in total darkness.

During this time Ned was in extreme agitation; he knew not what to do. In the

the first cumult of this thoughts he was tempted to fush forward, and slay violent hands on the miscream before him; but the little probability there appeared of rescuing his beloved Betsy by so violent a mode of proceeding, led him to give upsuch an idea.

Wrapt in reflections on this subject, Ned quitted his place of concealment, and, walking towards the house, began to reconnoitre his post. All was darknels and filence. He tried the door and awindow on one fide of it; they were both fast. On the other side of the door he found his way impeded by a large tub placed to catch the rain, which was conducted to it by a gutter from a penthouse, the back of which was reared against the garden-wall, above which it rose some feet. From a window, over the fide of this penthane, Ned discerned a faint light, which gradually increased, and he was foon convinced that the room was occupied by some person with a candle; his spirits were now in alarm-it might be Betsy herself. On the top of the penthouse, he could eafily discover swholit was. He tried to mount from the water tub. He found it could not be done without, probably. producing a noise, which might alarm the

the whole family. He went to the corner of the penthouse next the wall to try if it might not be possible to gain the roof of it that way; the wall was old and broken; he foon gained the fummit of it, and mounted from thence to that which formed the back of the penthouse. By a cautious step forward on the tiles, to effect which he gained what hold he could on the wall of the house, he was enabled to look in at this window. His pulse beat with redoubled quickness, when he saw a female figure alone in the room, fitting at a table with her back towards him. How should be discover himself without alarm. ing her; to make her turn round he shook the frame of the window. She started at the noise, and, as he expected, turned her head. What was his mortification at discovering a face which he did not know? At this instant he faw Black enter the chamber. He was alarmed, and tried to recover his station on the penthouse wall; but fpringing back fuddenly he displaced a tile, on which he had fixed one of his feet, to enable himself to look in at the window, and it clattered down into the garden. He flipped instantly from the top of the penthouse wall to that part of the gardenwall

wall which was behind it, and had fcarcely thus covered himself when the sash of the window was lifted up, and

Mr. Black appeared at it.

"Twas nothing but the wind, my dear," faid he. After a short pause, he continued, "that girl is walking about over head still; did you secure her door?"-" I double locked it," faid the Lady "and left the key in it, which is the best way to hinder her making any attempt at the lock, should she have any key about her." Black expressed some satisfaction at his wife's attention, and, letting down the fash, shut the shutters on the inside of the window. and retired. Ned descended again into the garden, almost mad with vexation, revolving project after project in his mind, each, upon examination, appearing more fruitless than the former. He was leaning against the wall (his mind thus occupied) when he was roused from his reverie by a faint voice at fome small distance from him. He turned his eyes towards the place from which it feemed to proceed, when he felt every faculty absorbed in astonishment, not unmixed with terror. From the spot towards which his attention had been called, he faw a faint light, beam as it were

were from the earth, and in the midft of it the figure of a man, in a white garment, ascending gradually, till he had gained the furface. He had fomething like a fmall fack on his fhoulder. was followed by two other figures, the colour of whose garb Ned could not discern. As the last arose, the light vanished; they moved slowly in a line towards the end of this little garden till they were out of fight. Ned now heard the garden gate unlock, which relieved him from part of his amazement (for he had actually at first supposed them to be fupernatural beings) and when it had been some minutes closed again, he ventured to move towards the place at which he had originally feen the light. When he came to it, he perceived an old well, which seemed much decayed. He dropped a small stone into it, and found that it was dry. After employing some minutes in conjectures upon the extraordinary circumstances which had occurred, he formed the bold resolution of descending into this well, and exploring what at present seemed to him so mysterious. As he walked round it, reflecting on the means he should adopt in order to effect his purpose, his foot struck against fomething, which, upon examination, proved proved to be a ladder, and lay close by the fide of the well, which rendered it probable that the person who had so lately ascended had made use of it. This then he placed in the well, and not, indeed, without fome palpitation of heart, began to descend. A vague idea, that it might communicate with the house, determined him to explore it, whatever it might be. He had scarcely placed himself on the ladder, when it fuddenly funk with him about three feet. Upon coming to the bottom, he found that this was occasioned by a wooden bottom, fomething like the head of a cask, which, turning upon a kind of pivot, tilted up the moment any weight was placed on the ladder. What was the joy of Ned to find just below this false bottom a passage, about three feet fquare, leading, as well as he could conjecture, in a direct line for the house. He immediately entered it on his hands and knees, and very foon found himself in a place of a tolerable extent. The first thing his hand occurred, as he groped his way along the well, was a kind of table, on which he discovered a tinder-box and matches, purposely placed, as it is probable, near the entrance. With this he foon ftruck L 2 a light, a light, and, finding a candle, began to explore this subterraneous habitation. Unskilled as Ned was in the ways of this town, it was not difficult for him to difcover that this apartment belonged to a fet of coiners; a large press and fly, fome shillings in an unfinished state, and the metal from which they were cut, foon confirmed him in this conjecture. He did not doubt that this was the cellar of the house which, projecting under a little stone yard (forming, indeed, part of the garden) might eafily communicate with this old well. In the corner of the apartment he discovered a small brick stair-case, at the top of which was a trapdoor, fastened on the inside by almost every mode which human ingenuity could devise. These fastenings, however, as he was luckily on the infide, Ned at length overcame, and, lifting the trap, which was without hinges, and, indeed, fitted fo nicely as to feem a part of the floor of a narrow passage, he found himself at last in the same house with his beloved Betfy! He left the candle burning in a distant corner of the cellar, and placing the trap not absolutely down, but so that the light could not be discovered, he began to meditate on his plan of operations. He had molt

most providentially discovered from Black, that the room in which Betly flept was over his own, and that the key was in the door. He pulled off his shoes, and tripping lightly up the staircase, soon came to the door of the room. which he supposed to be Betsy's. He found the key in the door, and purposely so turned as to permit him to hear, though there was not light enoughto fee, what paffed within. After waiting some time, with his ear applied to the key-hole, he heard fomebody arise from a chair, and walk flowly along the room; at the same time a deep figh met his ear. He could not be deceived in the figh-it was Betfy's. How should he make known who he was without endangering a discovery? To open the door would alarm her too much. It was no time to deliberate. He heard her approach the fide of the room nearest to the door. He whispered through the key-hole-Betfy! He heard the voice, whose tones were so sweet to his ear. exclaim-" Oh, heavens!" and, after a fliort pause, "Who are you?"--"Hush, for heaven's sake!" said Ned, "It is Sanford." Betsy was breathless. Ned heard her fall into a chair: He opened the door with as little noise as possible,

and in a moment was at her knees, and . his arms once more encircled, what was dearer to him than the combined treafures of all the monarchs in the world! loy and terror for some time kept them both filent. They heard no noise; the house was undisturbed: Ned would not spend so precious a portion of time in acquainting Betfy with all the circumstances by which he had been enabled to difcover her. It was enough for her that he was present; they thought of nothing but escaping from this place of confine-Betfy, whose alarm at this new trick of Mr. Black's, led her to remain all night in her clothes, flipped off her ilages, after Ned's example, and followed him gently down flairs. When they arrived at the bottom, Ned felt his way carefully along the pallage till be came to a door; it was locked, and the key taken away: He concluded this to be the front door, and, taking an oppofite direction, he found found himself at the door leading to the garden, which, being only fastened with bolts, Ned with as little noise as possible, opened, and our two fugitives beheld themselves free from all impediments, but the garden gate, the lock of which Ned speedily contrived to force back, and they gained

gained the lane in which the coach had stopped. Ned here congratulated his lovely Betfy on her escape, with a warm embrace, and, feizing her by the hand, led her as quickly as the darkness would permit from the place of her confinement. Dark as the night was, indeed, they did not permit the grass to grow under their feet; their fear lent them wings. Alarmed, ignorant of the road, and under extreme agitation of mind, they had traverfed a confiderable portion of ground before they thought of forming any plan for their conduct; but when they found themselves on a spot where four roads met, they paufed for a fhort time, in doubt which to purfue. Ned, who judged from the appearance of it, that the turning on the right-hand would lead them into London, where, he imagined, they should be more fafe from the pursuit of their enemies, determined on that, and turned into Tottenham-Court Road. Here they began to flacken their pace, and walked on more at their ease; but a circumstance soon occurred which gave them extreme uneasiness. Every watchman, whom they had passed on the road, had been buried in a comfortable fleep. In the streets they found a few of them awake, and

and in a moment was at her knees, and his arms once more encircled, what was dearer to him than the combined treafures of all the monarchs in the world! Joy and terror for some time kept them both filent. They heard no noise; the house was undisturbed: Ned would not spend so precious a portion of time in acquainting Betfy with all the circumstances by which he had been enabled to difcover her. It was enough for her that he was present; they thought of nothing but escaping from this place of confine-Betfy, whose alarm at this new ment. trick of Mr. Black's, led her to remain all night in her clothes, flipped off her fliges, after Ned's example, and followed him gently down flairs. When they arrived at the bottom, Ned felt his way carefully along the pallage till he came to a door; it was locked, and the key taken away: He concluded this to: be the front door, and, taking an oppofite direction, he found found himself at the door leading to the garden, which, being only fastened with bolts, Ned with as little noise as possible, opened, and our two fugitives beheld themselves free from all impediments, but the garden gate, the lock of which Ned speedily contrived to force back, and they gained

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of thefe the attention was fingularly aroufed by the extraordinary appearance of these two young persons. Indeed, it was calculated extremely to excite curiofity; nor could it be eafily divined by what circumstance a young Lady, of a most elegant appearance, should be pacing the streets at fuch an hour in the morning, in company with a lad in livery. Had Ned thought of walking beh nd her, perhaps, much of this might have been obviated; but his ignorance of the town rendered it next to impossible that fuch an idea should occur to him. and the same ignorance in her, united to the terrors of her age and fex, make it highly improbable that it could have been carried into execution with any fuccess

The scrutinizing eye, with which these sellows regarded them, and the inclination which some of them displayed even to stop them for information, perplexed poor Ned extremely; he knew not what to do. His first resolution was, notwithstanding the hour, to go directly to his master's house. He asked the first watchman he met with, his nearest way to the street in which Col. Walsingham lived. He received, after a long pause, and a scrutinizing stare,

stare, a direction, so vague, that, upon a second application (after he had, as well as he could, obeyed his direction) he was asked the common important question, whence he came? and told, that he was going greatly out of his way. No coach was to be seen: In short, harassed to death, he at last found himself near the public house in which he had taken shelter on the first night of his arrival in town, and determined to take up his abode there till the morning's light should enable him to afford a sure protection to Betsy, under the hospitable roof of his master.

He accordingly entered, and, taking his feat in a box which he found unoccupied, called for fome brandy, fome of which, having mixed it with water, he prevailed on Betfy to drink, as well as to eat part of a crust of bread. In a box, nearly opposite to them, they perceived a young man and woman of but an indifferent appearance. The woman, whose forehead was reclined on her hands, feemed to be afleep, and in the young man, who fat opposite to her, Ned foon recognized the individual young fellow, whom he had before met with in the same place, and who had provided him with the lodging from L 5 which

which he had, to use the lawyer's term. been fo uncomfortably ejected. Ned and his lovely partner had not been many minutes feated before this young man arose, and went to the bar. As he returned with a gill of that liquor in his hand, with which the poorer class of people in this metropolis are to the difgrace of our laws permitted to poilon themselves daily; (a balderdash so vile, as even to be honoured by the name of Gin) the dress and appearance of Betsy attracted his attention. He was looking both at her and Ned with extreme attention when the latter, who knew not yet the courtly art of cutting (as it is termed) his acquaintance, made himself known to this lad, who came up and shook him, though with some constraint, by the hand. After a few congratulations on this meeting, as Ned was about to open to his friend the perplexities of his fituation, and, most probably, to inquire of him the way to his master's house, the lady in the other box aroused and shook herself, and, after having scratched that prototype of modern fathion and elegance, a true St. Giles's mob, which had flipped from its fituation during her sumbers, into its place again, the cailed her companion to her, and

and he flew from Ned to administer the cordial, which he had prepared as a draught, preparatory to their retiring home for the night, or rather morning; for though the dawn had not yet begun to peep, the period of its visitation was at no great distance. Having, in a pretty audible whisper, inquired who Sanford and his female companion were, whom she eyed from head to foot, as foon as her friend was gone to the bar to pay his fcore, the lady advanced towards Ned, and accosted him thus: "My dear fellow, tip us your daddle; God bless you, my boy." Here she feized Ned round the neck, and gave him a smacking kiss. "Who would have thought of feeing you again?" Then turning, with great gravity to Betsy, and dropping a curtsy, " the lady will forgive my freedom—we are old acquaintance, you know." She then fo vehemently infilted upon their taking a glass together, that all Betfy's modest terrors, who was finking with fear at this strange and boisterous attack, and all Ned's peremptory refusals, who was oppressed with shame and vexation, could not avail. After a glass had been called for of the same liquor, which this lady had just taken, and which Betfy,

Betsy, who more than half affronted her by her refusals, was compelled to touch with her lips, she continued her

conversation as follows:

"Well, who would have thought that the happy hour we fpent together at Marston should have caused you so many misfortunes! The lady will excuse me, for I dare fay she was not acquainted with you then, and fo all's fair, you know Ma'am. I was in Ireland all the time of your mishap, where I followed a grenadier with a recruiting party, and I never heard a word of it till this shamb. ling rascal, don't you know him? Bill Slim-He was a drum in the regiment at that time. I never heard a word about it till he faid he had met you not a great while ago, and then he up'd and told me of it. And nobody could prove where you was at that time! Ah, I could have told-could I not-you young rafcal? d-n me, and I would too; I'd have proved your alibi." Poor Betfy now pulled out her handkerchief, and covering her face with it, began to weep bitterly. Ned, whose foul was torn with a thousand conflicting and painful fensations, taking this voluble lady by the hand, withdrew her from the table, intreated her not to proceed

on fuch a subject, and the young man telling her it was time to go home, she consented to do so, on condition that Ned would meet her there again, to which he was compelled to affent.

"Ah, faid she, looking at Betsy, I understand-a sweetheart-well-ahheaven help me - when I first knew you - I had not long left my own town. I followed that fellow, with whom I went to Ireland. I wish I had been dead before I had feen him: I have known nothing but misery ever since." friend, Mr. Slim, perceiving that she was growing grave, perfuaded her to drink off the remainder of the liquor, and, taking her under his arm, purfued his journey homeward. As foon as they had quitted the room, poor Ned went up to his disconsolate partner, and, gently taking her by the hand, attempted to fay fomething; but he was fo oppressed, that his words died away in broken and inarticulate founds; when Betfy faid, in a faint voice, " pray inquire your way to the Colonel's - perhaps the landlord can tell it you." Ned obeyed. He was questioning the landlord, when a person, whom he had not yet perceived, advanced from a box, behind that in which Betfy fat, and told him.

him, that he himself was going the very way concerning which he was inquiring, and that he would gladly serve him as a guide. Ned looked at this man, who was decently dressed in a great coat, and a hat slapped over his face, and after having thanked him for his civility, and paid his score at the bar, took Betsy by the arm, and sollowed him out of the house.

## CHAP. XXX.

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A VISIT TO DERHAM-HOUSE, AND ITS

OL. Walfingham grew extremely uneasy at the absence of Ned. It was in vain that he made every inquiry which suggested itself to his mind. It was in vain that he examined every conjecture which occurred to him. The mystery of his absence seemed every hour less capable of development, and, after involving himself in a labyrinth of perplexity on the subject, he was content to leave to time the cure of that uneasiness in his mind which resulted from it.

The hint which Mifs Derham had given him on the morning on which the met him in St. James's Street, foon weakened the determination he had made not to visit at Derham-house, so far, that, in the course of the ensuing day, either through the fault of his horfe, or his own, he found himself at the door of this beloved mansion, where he faw a post-chaife and four belonging to Lord Derham. In the breakfast parlour he found Miss Derham, who received him with a fweet fmile and a blush, which, perhaps, was to Sidnev's heart the fweetest of the two .-" Ah!" faid she, " is it you? Have you at last broken through your rash refolution?" - " How was it possible to keep it, when you condemned it?" faid he; "but, I fear, I have broken it in an unpropitious moment; by that riding dress, and the chaife at the door, you are going out."-" We are going no where, but where you may accompany us, if you have leifure. It is fo long fince I faw you, that I don't recollect whether you are acquainted with the little fpot my father has taken, about eight miles from town; 'tis a smallhouse, just to retire to while business keeps him in town."-" Is Lord Derham

at home, then?"-" No, but I expect him every minute to accompany me down. We shall be able to make room for you, or, as your horses are here, you may ride down, if you prefer it." "Why, to tell you the truth," faid Colonel Walfingham, "I have been on an unsuccessful expedition to day, and I got on horseback with an intention, after I had paid my respects to you, to raise my spirits by a good rattling gallop."-"Perhaps," faid Miss. Derham, "if you go down with us, I may be tempted to indulge you in your wish, for my horses are there, as I never ride in town, I never bring them up." As they were engaged in this conversation a servant entered, and gave a note to Miss Derham, " from my father," faid the, and the read aloud:

### " Dear Bab,

"I would have you fet out directly, as it is uncertain how long it will be before I can return. I will, however, certainly join you in the evening.

Your affectionate father,

DERHAM."

"Now," faid Miss Derham, "there is complete room for you in the chaise, and

and I won't tax your knight errantry, fo far as to infift upon your accompanying me on horseback." It did not require much strength of argument to persuade Walfingham to accept of this offer, and having ordered his groom to leave word at home, that the moment they had gained any intelligence of Ned they should send to him, and to join him again as foon as he could with the horses; he handed Miss Derham into the chaise, and, taking his feat by her fide, they rattled away, and in less than an hour were within fight of their place of destination. This was an enchanting retreat on the banks of the Thames; it was elegantly fitted up in a modern style, and a smooth lawn fell in a gentle descent from the windows of the parlour to the very edge of the river. The day was remarkably fine; nature was every where expanding her beauties to the rays of a vernal fun; the earliest flowers emitted their odours from the furrounding shrubbery. Miss Derham and Walfingham forgot their intended ride, and fauntered on this lawn till dinner time. It was here, while the river danced among the reeds at their very feet, and bubbled amid the hollows of the bank, that this charming girl confided

#### CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

fided to Colonel Walfingham the fufpicions which had arisen in her bosom from the conduct of Sir Harry Saplworth at Ranelagh, and declared her fixed resolution never to unite herself to him till those suspicions were entirely removed. "I have not yet," faid she, "had an opportunity of mentioning them to my father; nor will it be a pleafant talk to raise the first obstacle to a plan on which his heart is fo much bent: But, I am fure, if my doubts should prove to have been well founded. he will be the first man to reject the alliance with disdain." What a balm was this conversation to the heart of Walfingham! He had never before experienced a blifs, in any degree, equal. to that which he now felt. He wanted nothing to add to his happiness but the ability to blefs his charming coufin with a fortunate account of his efforts to difcover her little favourite; but, as he had been so unlucky, he contented himself with generally faying fo, in answer to her inquiries, without entering into any detail, the conclusion of which must have been fo mortifying. The morning glided away, and dinner was announced before they had either of them thought of adjusting their dress. Lord Derham

was not yet arrived: Walfingham fat down with the object of his affections to a fmall but elegant repast, towards; which, however, they neither found themselves woo'd by much appetite. The beauty of the evening, which foon began to close in, would not permit them to remain long at table, and Sidney easily prevailed on his charming cousin to take another stroll round the lawn. What a stroll was this to a man of fuch feelings, and fo much in love as Sidney! Mile Derham hung on his arm in filence; the felt herfelf happy, and true blifs does not readily find words. Decorum, it is true, would have forbidden her to comment on her own feelings, but no fuch restraint was imposed on her enraptured kinfman; yet he was equally filent, and from the fame cause. Was there any bleffing on earth for which he would have exchanged the gentle burden of her arm! If she but touched his hand in adjusting her glove, it thrilled to his very heart. Many and many fuch a stroll, thought he, with this first of women, might be my lot, if fate should permit! Thus to pals many a live-long fummer's evening, perhaps accompanied by fome dear pledge! It would be difficult to those who do not believe

believe in sympathy, to account for the figh which escaped Miss Derham at this instant; it was a soft figh, or rather the audible swell of the satisfied bosom.

" Sighing, my fair coufin?" faid Sidney; " nor through grief, I affure you," and her eyes met his. Their expression was that of the pureft benevolence. perhaps fomething more: " But fuch a fcene as this inclines one to musing, and one fighs one knows not why. Look at the moon, how sweetly it rises over the opposite shore! The dash of that distant oar too has fomething fo fweet in it!" At this moment they heard the found of a carriage passing down the road which led to the house .- " My father, cried Miss Derham, and they returned towards the house. In the hall they met Lord Derham, who looked haraffed and fatigued: Upon seeing Sidney he immediately faid, " Walfingham, you are the very man I wished to see; it is lucky that I have met with you; they then all three went into a parlour. Miss Derham said, "You look tired, Sir; do take a glass of wine." - "My dear," faid Lord Derham, "I have not yet dined!" Dear Sir, why will you harafs yourfelf in this manner?"-"I have been all this morning, my love, about your bubelieve finess:

finess; give me a kiss: I think every thing is now settled, or, at least, will be totally settled by to-morrow, as my lawyer will, by that time, have perused all the papers that Sir Harry has put into his hands."—" Shall I order you some dinner, my Lord," said Miss Derham."—" Do, my dear," said he, " any thing that can be got ready immediately, and leave me for a moment with the Colonel, as I have something to say to him."—Miss Derham withdrew, and Lord Derham addressed Walsingham as follows:

"Sidney, I have a fingular circumstance to relate to you, which I did not chuse to communicate before Bab, because I knew it would affect her too much. You must know that I have fpent almost the whole of this day among the lawyers, who are, without exception, the most tormenting fellows upon earth. After a most tedious morning. the gentleman, who is to inspect the fettlements for me, and who, to do him justice, has some common sense (I mean fome little knowledge out of his profesfion) suggested to me, that it would be proper to gain a more accurate account than we are hitherto possessed of-of the present state of Sir Harry's affairs. After

After revolving for fome time in my mind all the different persons, from whom there was any probability that I frould gain proper intelligence, Sir James Hardy occurred to me. I knew perfectly well, that to a man of more found integrity I could not apply, and I determined to rely upon the little acquaintance I had with him, before he went abroad, for an introduction. I accordingly drove, from Lincoln's-Inn, home, to order a chaife to be got ready to convey me hither, and then proceeded to Sir James's. As I found he was out of town, I was returning, when the porter came forward, and begged to freak to me: Upon looking at him, I recollected that he had lived in two or three families I had known; I put down the glass: "Will your Lordship, said he, be so kind as to inform me where Colonel Walfingham is to be found? I have had the honour of knowing your Lordship for some years, and it just struck me that your Lordship and he were related. I should not have taken the liberty of making this request, but there is a poor lad in our house, who is extremely indisposed, and who says he is the Colonel's servant. I have just sent to his house, but understand he is out of town.

town: The young man fays he is fure the Colonel would be glad to hear of him, wherever he is, and I was going to fend again to know his address; but feeing your Lordship, I took the liberty-." As I had learned at home that you were come hither with Bab. 1 interrupted him, and asked " if I could fee this boy ?"-" If your Lordship pleases," said the porter; " he has been here these two days; but the doctor would not fuffer us to ask him any questions till after he had feen him to stocade but profithed

I asked what was the matter with him? The porter told me, that his mafter, Sir lames, had found him on the road as he was going out of town two or three days ago, at a very early hour of the morning, wounded and fenfeless: that he had him conveyed to his house, and his journey being thus interrupted, had not left town till the evening of the fame day, which circumstance would probably keep him fome time longer in the country; but that it had been understood when he went, that he went on business, and did not mean to stay above three days at farthest. In short, I was conducted to the apartment of this lad, and was a good deal surprised when I perceived

perceived him to be the individual boy. of whom Bab and you talked so much; but the part of the story, which I wish to conceal from her, is, that which he wished particularly to communicate to you. I understood from him, that the little girl, poor Braddyl's daughter, for whom we all interest ourselves so much. had been discovered by him, but taken from him, and carried he knew not whither. The poor lad feemed almost distracted when he mentioned it, and feeing him fo moved, I would not fuffer him to proceed, but promifed to give you immediate intelligence, and left him."

Walfingham was a good deal affected by this account of poor Ned's situation, and judging that, from a conversation with him, he might gain some clue which might guide him in purfuit of Betsy, he ordered his horses, late as it was, and fet off for London, after taking a hasty leave of Miss Derham. This sudden departure of Walfingham, joined to the referve which her father maintained as to the cause of it, together with the news he had communicated of the rapid progress of affairs in regard to Sir Harry (from which she forefaw much perplexity and confusion. when

when her determination, as to an union with him, should be known) filled her mind with anxiety, and she retired at an early hour to her apartment, with a weight on her spirits, which a retrospect of the happiness that blest the former hours of the day did but little tend to diminish.

# CHAP. XXXI.

A JOURNEY INTO WESTMORELAND.

HE humble thatch of Braddyl's lowly, but neat, habitation, had scarcely witnessed one hour of happiness fince the departure of Betly. Mrs. Braddyl wept, and fcolded by turns, though without any determinate object of anger; but Braddyl himself, whose grief was filent, fuffered the more from it; his work went on heavily with him; he feldom smiled, but often fighed; the neighbours observed his settled forrow. and fympathized with him; nor is it eafy to fay to what it might not have led him, had not his attention been called forth by his younger child, the little boy whom Betfy was nurfing on the morning

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ing on which Colonel Walfingham first marched his division through the village. This was the only remaining emild now Betly was gone, and had arrived at that age, when the gradual expansion of the infant mind, which discovers itself in the artless militiery of every thing they behold, renders children fo exceedingly entertaining. The fimple prattle and innocent endearments of this little fellow often beguiled the good old foldier of his forrows, and though the image of Betfy, which all his little actions recalled, was at first almost too painful to be endured, yet time, by degrees, wore down the keener edge of the fenfations which attended it, and the anguish, with which it was at first accompanied, became every day less acute; Itill, however, Braddyl's kitchen, which has been noted before as the very temple of cheery comfort, retained no traces of its former hilarity. If it was cold enough to affemble round the fire, alas! what was the fire-fide without Betfy. If, in the warmer weather, Mrs. Braddyl took her work to the window, still Betfy's little fong, who caroled like a lark, whatever her talk might be, was wanting.

On one of those evenings, which we frequently fee towards the close of the fpring, when winter feems to have returned to pay a farewel visit, Braddyl, who had been working at the house of a neighbouring farmer, being driven home by the weather, which would not fuffer him to proceed in his occupation, rather earlier than usual, threw an additional faggot on the fire, and calling in a neighbour, who was standing at his door, and contemplating the storm, he defired his wife to thut up the windows, and then fit down to partake with them of a mug of ale, which he was going to draw. The form howled abroad-the low and labouring cloud hung on the mountains which furround the lake, and poured an unceasing deluge on her troubled bosom. The cold gusts of wind which shook, and the streams of rain which washed, the simple fastenings of Braddyl's cottage, ferved but to make its inmates enjoy more the protection it afforded; they huddled closer to the fire, and pitied all who were exposed to the "pelting of the pityless ftorm."

The neighbour, whom Braddyl had called in, was the farmer who had ferved as constable when Ned Sanford was

apprehended, and the trial of this unfortunate youth had supplied him with a long story for at least two or three evenings in every week since the transaction had happened. His fituation at Brad. dyl's fire fide, though the most improper one that could exist for this favourite tale, calculated as it was to bring back the remembrance of a lost daughter, had still too many charms for a story-teller to permit, to this honest fellow, the omission of his favourite narra-To fay the truth, he never once thought of the consequences of what he was about, till he heard Braddyl figh, and his wife fay fomething about her poor girl; and he no fooner discovered the scrape he was in, than, with a clumfey kind of dexterity, he changed the subject into that of lost children returning laden with riches, and making the fortunes of their parents, and of fuch adventures, he had hundreds at his fingers ends. Though to a mind rendered cautious by a habit of reflection, and fuch idle speculations as have, probably, no better end than to make us distrust that prospect of happiness which, if unsuspected, would, at least, afford us a temporary portion of blifs, this fimple project of our talkative farmer would . would not have proved very confoling; it had a happy effect on the honest pair to whom it was addressed, and, in the maze to which it led their imaginations, their forrows were for a while compleatly loft. - Our farmer faw his fuccess. and redoubled his efforts, till the spirits. of the good old foldier were roused to an uncommon pitch. He placed his hand on his breast, and faid with fervor. "Though, when my mind has been deprefied, I have thought that I should never see my daughter again, yet I know not why I should distrust the goodness of Providence. I have never found myself forsaken by it yet, nor need I fear it, while I adore my Creator, and strive to act justly by all mankind."

It was some little time after this that Mrs. Braddyl cried-" Hark! Sure I hear the trampling of a horse-somebody is at the gate."—"The wind howls fo," faid her husband, "that I can hear nothing."-" Again! exclaimed the good woman, and she turned her chair round. A voice was now heard as distinctly as the storm would permit, pronouncing these words: "Keep along the paling till you come to a little fwing gate, and that will bring you to the house door."

-" Oh, gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Braddyl, " 'tis my child's voicemy Betfy! my Betfy!" She fell back in her chair. Braddyl, with a face pale as a sheet, ran to his wife-" Don't flurry yourself fo, my dear;" then stopped for an instant, as if to listen-ran towards the door, and then back again to his wife. A loud knocking put an end to this scene. The farmer opened the door: Braddyl flew to it, and his wife: followed, trembling, with a light in her hand; Betfy, for it was, indeed, the voice of our lovely little girl that they had heard, fprang from the thaft of a light covered cart, which stood in the road opposite to Braddyl's gate, and in a moment was in her father's arms. The good old man caught her up, carried her into the house, placed her in a chair, threw himfelf into another, and stared about him, first at his wife, and then at his daughter, without being able to speak a word. His friend, who knew that there was part of a bottle of brandy in the corner cup-board, flew to it, and filling a glafs, prefented it to Braddyl, who drank it off. Betfy had been no fooner feated than she burst into a violent flood of tears, and Mrs. Braddyl followed her example. The good woman was easily persuaded to take a small quantity

of the fame cordial that was administered to her husband, and, by dint of a few motherly remonstrances, prevailed on Betsy to do the same. The person, who had conducted Betfy, was a neighbouring farmer, and had met with her in a town at a small distance where a London coach put up. As she was alone he offered to conduct her to Derham, through which he was to pass in his way home; and this offer proved a most feasonable one to poor Betfy, who, confidering the inclemency of the night, would have been scarcely able in any other way to reach her father's dwelling. Having taken a large bumper from the bottle which was going round, the farmer took his leave, and Braddyl's friend reflecting, that, in all probability, the father and mother would be pleased to be left alone with their daughter, wished them all three joy, and retired. Braddyl, who had repressed his feelings as well as he could till this period, now stretched out his arms towards his daughter. Betfy role from her chair, and throwing herself into them, clasped him round the neck, and placing her cheek against his, sobbed aloud. After a few moments Braddyl placed her on his knee, and, looking her steadily in the face with much affection. tion, but with some perplexity in his countenance, he said, in a hesitating tone, "and is—is—my Betsy—the same good girl she ever was?"—"Indeed, indeed, 'faid she, "I hope I am."—"Enough," said Braddyl, "I never doubted the purity of your mind, my girl, but the snares of the wicked."—

Mrs. Braddyl now drew her chair close to her husband, and throwing her arms round her daughter as the fat on his knee, kiffed her most affectionately. "I have had fome fnares to encounter," faid Betfy: "I have had some escapes too, which were furely providential, and I am thankful for them." Here she threw up her fine eyes, which were yet glistening with tears. Her father and mother were both filent. Mrs. Braddyl clasped her hands together. Braddyl pressed that of his daughter fervently, and the first tear that he had shed trickled down his furrowed cheek. Let the reader, who has felt as a parent, judge if their hearts were shut at such a moment! In truth, they expanded with love and gratitude towards their Creator; for they had, as yet, to learn that modern philosophy, which, by contemplating the immensity of the Creator's works, learns to limit his power; and,

as the first fruit of having discovered that our minds are infinitely too narrow to comprehend it, proceeds to confine. it according to our own confined ideas.

When the first transports of these good people had a little subsided, Mrs. Braddyl ran to prepare some tea, a refreshment which Betfy requested; and during this meal, and the interval which occurred between that and a flight fupper, Betfy, in answer to their various questions, acquainted her parents of the whole that had occurred to her fince the fad hour of their parting. When she came to that part of her narrative at which she left the public-house in St. Giles's, in company with Ned, she proceeded as follows, as often, as the name of her unfortunate deliverer occurred. bursting into tears - "Poor lad," fhe would fay, "whatever may be his fate, I think, I should be more easy if I knew what had befallen him. "When we left the public-house," continued Betsy, " under the conduct of this strange man, I could not get what that poor wretched girl had discovered concerning Ned out of my head, and I fpoke to him about it with as much ten derness and gentleness as I could."-"Only think, Ned," faid I, after fome M 5 little

little talk on the subject, "how careful we ought to be, that no one hour of life should be passed so as to cause us to be ashamed of it. Your being unable, or unwilling to account for this little portion of time, caused you to undergo a long imprisonment, and might have cost you your life." While we were conversing on this subject, I found that we had got beyond the houses into the road again. I did not like it, and expreffed some apprehension; but the man affuring us that it was the nearest way, we followed him, and he foon firuck into a path across a field, which feemed to lead towards the houses again. We had scarcely entered this path when I faw Ned fpring aside, and heard him exclaim, "halloo!" The fellow who conducted us, and who was then close to me, immediately feized me round the waift, and I faw a man, whom I knew to be that vile fellow Black, in the act of making a stroke at Ned with a hanger, which he held in the only hand he had at liberty. I shricked, and while the other man took me in his arms, Black stood before us, pressing him to go on, and menacing Ned with his hanger. I flruggled violently, and, at a moment, when Black's attention was

was called towards me, Ned sprang upon him, and with one blow knocked him down, and, as I judge, attempted to feize his hanger; for the fellow who had, till this time, held me, now quitted me to affift his accomplice, and, under the first impulse of terror, I ran as fwift as I could along the path, which I found conducted me to the end of an unfinished street. I ran a considerable way through one or two windings before I met with a watchman. The first I met with I applied to for protection, and, upon my giving him a little filver, he agreed to let me fit in his box, and, as foon as he could, to carry me home to his wife, who would accommodate me with a bed. I described the fituation of poor Ned, and intreated him to go to his affiltance. Alas! my intreaties were in vain; he could not guit his post, nor could I very readily point out to him the fpot on which the tranfaction had happened, as I had run up two or three turnings before I had met with him. Nothing, however, would fatisfy me when he quitted his post, which was fome time afterwards, but that he should accompany me to endeawous to find out the fpot. When we anie into the fields I found all my endeavours

deavours to trace it were vain, and I returned oppressed with wretchedness. The watchman now conducted me to his wife, who, as he had promifed, accommodated me with a decent bed. I lay down on it. It was in vain that I tried to fleep. The image of poor Ned haunted my imagination, and deprived me of even the shadow of rest. To shorten my story, I remained two days in this place, taking, at times, a little of fuch refreshment as the good woman of the house procured me, without being able fufficiently to detach my mind from this subject to determine on any plan. At the end of this time, however, I thought of my dear and honoured Lady, Miss Derham, that by her means you might gain intelligence of me. I did not know whether the family were in town, but, having inquired my way to Derham-house, I went there. I learned that my Lord and young Lady were out of town. Mrs. Fitchet would fain have had me stay till they returned; but my impatience to fee my dear father and mother once more, made me very defirous of getting down here as foon as possible. Mrs. Fitchet, then, having accommodated me with fome clothes plainer than those I wore, and procured a place

a place for me in the coach, which was to leave town that evening, I left my duty for my dear young Lady, and fet out once more for this place. Here too!" faid she-she paused and sighed. It was then a tender figh, and feemed to fay, " here too I can think of my poor Ned with more calmness than on the fpot where I lost him." Her fond parents listened with the most affectionate anxiety to her tale, and strove to mitigate her forrows as they rofe. It was late before they retired to rest. Though fupremely blest in the recovery of their child, yet not without regret for the fate of her deliverer; while the grief of Betfy for this faithful and affectionate lad felt the first real alloy it had known in the tender careffes of those parents from whom the had been to long feparated.

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#### CHAP. XXXII.

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IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, CONTRARY TO ESTABLISHED PRACTICE, CONDE-SCENDS TO ACCOUNT FOR CERTAIN THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED.

TT happened unfortunately for our young couple, on the night on which they made their escape from Paddington, that Mr. Davis, the gentleman of whom fuch honourable mention has been made, who was one of the three persons Ned saw ascend from the old well which communicated with the apartment appropriated to coining, returned almost immediately after Ned's departure with his beloved Betfy. truth, this gentleman had made a small mistake in his preparation for the business of the morning, which compelled him to make fo fpeedy a retreat. These three worthy personages were on their way to traffic with some respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Duke's Place, for the commodity with which they were laden, when, upon some inquiries being made as to the fituation from which Mr. Davis had taken the bag which he carried, it was discovered that

Black.

he had committed a trifling error in burthening himfelf with a groce or two of shillings, which were not in a state for circulation.

Upon his return to the fubterraneous apartment, he was a little furprifed to find the ladder in the well; but he staggered back petrified with horror and amazement, when he perceived the light of the candle which Ned had left burning, and was in doubt whether he should not make a speedy retreat by the fame way through which he entered; but finding all quiet, he proceeded cautiously to explore the premises. When he found the trap open, he was more alarmed than ever; but after liftening for some time without hearing any noise, he ventured gently through it, and tapped at the door of his wife's apartment. In short, Mr. Black was foon acquainted with this circumstance; the elopement of Betfy was immediately difcovered, though the means by which it was effected was a subject of great perplexity, and a purfuit was relolved on, in which Mr. Davis willingly agreed to affift, as a discovery, though they could not imagine how, had been evidently effected, in which the life of this gentleman was materially concerned.

Black, who was convinced that the most distant chance he could possibly have of making terms with his master. was the possession of Betsy, without reflecting that the negotiation on his fide must be carried on in a situation so extremely perilous, that little effect could be expected from it, was foon equipped for the pursuit, and with his friend took the same road which the fugitives had taken, and turned, as they had done, into Tottenham-Court Road. They had proceeded fome way up it, and began to think they had followed a wrong track, when Ned and his companion, who had been perplexed by the intricate directions given them, entered the street at no great distance before them. they had no time to deliberate, they came to a sudden determination, that Davis, who was not known to Betfy, and they were ignorant who was the companion of her flight, should follow them closely to take any advantage that should occur, and there was no villainy to which he was not competent, while Black waited aloof to affift as occasion might require. When Davis followed them into a public-house he recollected Ned; but judged rightly, that the flightest concealment of his face would effectually

effectually shroud him from the knowledge of that young man, who, though he had been the great instrument in fo materially injuring him, had feen him but twice. When he had decoyed this unsuspecting young couple out of the public-house, he was followed by Mr. Black, who lurked at a distance till they had reached a spot fit for the execution of their project. Upon his arriving closer to them, his curiofity to difcover who had affifted Betfy in her elopement, foon developed to him, under the difguife of the livery coat he wore, the person of Ned Sanford. A sudden impulse of rage at this discovery probably brought the affair to a crisis sooner than he had intended; he drew his hanger from under his coat, and aimed a violent blow at the head of his intended victim; but, alarmed by the noise behind him, Ned fprung afide, and avoided it.

As foon as Davis faw his companion on the ground, and Ned attempting to wrest the hanger from his hand, the quitted Betsy, and seizing a short stick, which he had dropped when he first laid hold on her, struck Ned so violent a blow on the side of the head, that he fell senseless by the side of Black, following

#### 258 CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

lowing this blow up with feveral others, till Black recovered his legs, and expressed his determination, confirming it by many oaths, to finish him. This determination he would, most probably, have put in execution, had not they heard fome person passing along the road. This alarmed them, and Davis expressing his belief that poor Ned was dead already, they ran off as fast as they could. It was very early on the next morning that, by fuch a combination of circumstances, as, though it has nothing wonderful in it, fo feldom occurs, that we are induced to wonder at it when it does, the fame Sir James Hardy, who had formerly seen Ned at the office of the justice of peace, passed along this road in his way out of town, and, being told of Ned's fituation by his fervants, got out of his carriage to fee if he could affift him. When he looked at Ned's countenance, who, upon being lifted up, faintly opened his eyes, he was convinced he had feen him before. though he could not at first recollect where. That circumstance, perhaps, had but little fway in the refolution he immediately formed, to have Ned conveyed to his own house; for Sir James was, as has been before observed, one of

the best men existing. Ned was accordingly placed in Sir James's carriage, which drove to the house of that gentleman, and put into a fervant's bed. Sir James followed him on foot, and, having understood, from a furgeon, that it was proper the lad fhould be kept quiet, ordered every possible care to be taken that he should not be disturbed, and, before he fet out in the afternoon to pursue his intended journey, had the fatisfaction to hear from the furgeon, that his patient was in as fair a way as could be expected, confidering the contusions he had received, of the effect of which it was impossible, at so early a period, to form a competent judged brist ako ad ai lisaiwasi ment.

#### fuit. As Ned had been fluoned by the elde to Cath A Phan XXXIII. Id fait

Ammer Leigel affer Perly, bet totally at a lols for a cine to guide him to his pur-

## to give any account to have afterwared became of Briscoveris a Colonia

Wellingham attends ad to perfuade this THE furgeon had, perhaps, a little exagerated, when he faid he could not form any judgment concerning the effect of the blows which Ned had received, for when Colonel Walfingham: went to visit him at the end of two days;

Soft

he found him very little incommoded, and, indeed, more hurt in mind than in body. The ignorance he was in, as to the fate of Betly, rendered him extremely miferable.—Colonel Walfingham faid all he could to confole him on this fubject, represented to him the probability that the was fafe, and promifed to spare no pains to discover her. He advised Ned (who was extremely anxious to get home to the Colonel's, that he might give as little trouble as possible to a gentleman to whom he was a stranger) to remain where he was till the following day, when he promised to revisit, and, if it appeared adviseable, to take him home with him. He then left him, determined in his own mind to make a farther fearch after Betfy, but totally at a loss for a clue to guide him in his purfuit. As Ned had been stunned by the first blow he received, he was not able to give any account of what afterwards became of Betfy; and though Colonel Walfingham attempted to persuade this poor lad that the had escaped from the clutches of these russians, he saw little reason to believe it himself, and determined to pay a fecond visit to the house at Paddington, which, from Ned's description, he knew to be the same he had

had made inquiries at in company with

As foon as he had breakfasted, on the ensuing morning he set out from home. ruminating on his plan: As he passed Derham-house he faw a servant just dismounted at the door; as he judged that this fellow was just come from the country, and imagined there might be a letter for himself, he stopped to inquire. He had scarcely asked a question, when the door was opened by Mrs. Fitchet.-"So, Fitchet," faid he, "are you turned porter to day?" -" For want of a better, Sir," faid Mrs. Fitchet .- " How came you not with your Lady?"-" Oh! Sir, my Lady is not one of those Ladies who cannot stir without their woman; she wants no making up, Sir. I had a flight cold, and she suffered me to stay behind; but, Sir, I have fuch news for my Lady, I die to tell it her; and for you too, Sir, for I am fure you will be glad of it." She then told Colonel Walfingham of Betfy's having called there on the preceding day, and of her departure for Derham. Transported at intelligence, which was calculated to diffuse so much happiness, particularly towards the woman he loved above every thing on earth, he stepped in to dispatch

dispatch a basty billet to ther, and, as foon as he had finished it, lordered the fervant, who was then at the door, to proceed back with it directly. He then fet out for Sir James Hardy's to convey the glad tidings to the drooping heart of poor Ned. At the door he faw a chaife and four hack horses, covered with sweat and dirt. On his entrance he was told that Sir James was just returned, and as he was proceeding along the hall, that gentleman opened the fludy door, and advanced haftily to meet him. countenance was extremely agitated. He took Walfingham by the hand: "Colonel Walfingham, may I beg the honour of a word with you in my study?" They had no fooner entered the room, than Sir James fout the door, and, turning to Colonel Walfingham, faid, "Sir, I hear that the lad above stairs is your fervant; how do you find him?"-" I have not feen him to day," faid Walfingham; " but yesterday I thought him in a very fair way; indeed." "I am glad of it," faid Sir James; but one word more, Sir-pray what is his name?"-" His name, Sir," faid Walfingham, whose countenance began to shew marks of great surprise at Sir James's manner, "is Edward Sanford." " Then, 1:113:11b

"Then, thank heaven!" faid Sir James, " that he is in a fair way." The tears stood in his eyes; he drew his handkerchief across them-offered a chair to Colonel Walfingham, and, feating himself by him, after a short pause,

addressed him as follows:

"It is proper, Colonel Walfingham, that you should be informed how nearly I am related to the young man above stairs. Though you probably do not much recollect the father of my late ward, Sir Harry Sapsworth, you are not ignorant how contiguous his estate lies to that of Lord Derham; an estate, indeed, at which the present possessor has never refided; but the fituation of which was, probably, the primary cause of that connection which is, as I understand, about to be cemented by an union between the two families. Here Walfingham checked a figh, and Sir lames proceeded: About a year and a half before the birth of this boy; my brother, who had just then fold his commiffion in the guards, a step which a very extravagant and diffipated life had compelled him to adopt, went down into Westmoreland on a visit to the late Sir William Sapfworth, to whom, you know, he was related, and between whom

In the course of a morning's ramble with his gun, it was my brother's misfortune to meet with the mother of this boy, who was then servant to a Mr. Hope, the curate of Derham, as she was returning home from a village at some small distance. If I can believe the papers, which my poor brother left behind him, from which I have collected this story, she was uncommonly beautiful. He accosted her—entered into conversation with her, and accompanied her to the very gate of her master's house. There was a frankness about

about her which particularly charmed my brother: Before their walk was concluded, she had asked him in what part of the country he lived; his name must follow of course; it struck him as an excellent thing, to assume that of his formal friend Sanford. The involving him thus in an intrigue might afford fome fport, but when my brother's imagination had got the length of pourtraying him, as the unconscious father of a child by the parson's maid, besieged by overfeers and church-wardens: It was irresistible! Too dissipated for reflection, and hurried away by passion, at an age when it bears its fullest sway, he determined and executed an act, which, at a later period of life, when the paffions had, in some degree, subsided, and reflection obtruded itself in their place, embittered many an hour which might otherwise have passed cheerfully along, and long goaded his bosom with the stings of fruitless remorfe. In short, he contrived foon to get acquainted with Mr. Hope, who was fond of shooting, but of too little consequence to be noticed by any of the great men out of the confines of his own parish (for his only endowments were religion and virtue) and carried this gentleman over. Sir lames's

James's manor, taking care, however, to avoid the house, lest his real name should be discovered, which would have alarmed the good man, and probably have closed his door upon him for the future.

In the course of this connection, and of a vifit of some months at Sir William's, he contrived to feduce this unfortunate girl, under the most solemn promises of marriage, for the procrastination of which he urged the austere pride of a severe father, and effectually ruined her peace of mind for the brief period of life which was afterwards allotted her. It was but a short time after he had triumphed over the chaftity of this lovely girl, that he was compelled to quit the country abruptly, and embark to fill an employ at Calcutta, which our family interest had procured for him, and which the derangement of his circumstances compelled him to accept.

A long period had not elapsed after his departure, before the poor girl found that the effects of her illicit commerce with her lover must soon become visible to the world. Let me not enlarge upon the anguish which attended this discovery; the anxiety of mind, which she

was compelled to conceal, began to have an apparent effect on her health. Her master perceived it, nor was he long before he guessed at the truth. Upon his taxing her with it, fhe told him the whole story. His virtue was not of that fevere order, which knows not how to make allowances for the frailty of human nature. He professed that religion, whose Great Author unceasingly taught us forbearance and love towards one another. His censure of this deluded girl was mixed with the most healing compassion. He looked, however, on the crime of her seducer in a very different light. Though she knew not where to address her supposed deluder, she knew that he was in the guards; and her master judged that a letter, addressed to the horse-guards, would reach him. He wrote, then, and addressed to Captain Sanford a solemn expostulation on his conduct, such as he thought his duty compelled him to write, and fuch as his spirit, as a man, could not but dictate, on that violation of hospitality, of which he judged him guilty.

How was he furprifed when in answer he received a cool denial of the fact, with an affeveration the most folemn,

N 2

that Mr. Sanford was at a loss to conjecture who the Gentleman was who did him the honour to write to him; and that he was perfectly fure he had never entered the doors of a person of that name during the time of his residence in Westmoreland. It was a severe tax upon the humanity of this worthy paftor to communicate the contents of this letter to his unfortunate fervant. This, however, he, at length, did with all the tenderness possible. "I see," said he, after he had faid every thing that occurred to him to footh her under her miffortunes, " I see that he is a villain, and his conduct like that of all dishonest men is low and contemptible. We must forget him; calm your mind; that affistance which I can give you, you shall never want." Among the tears, which this poor girl shed on this occasion, were those of gratitude to her worthy master. She knelt, kissed his hand, and retired to indulge her forrows alone.

From that moment she never held up her head. When the time of her delivery approached, she was sent to the work-house, for the very slender income of her master would not permit him to afford her the necessary assistance, which, in spite of the scoss, it might have given rise

rife to, he was willing to do, if he had not been destitute of every thing which could render such a period at all comfortable. In the work-house then she was delivered of this boy, and a fortnight afterwards expired in the arms of her worthy master, bequeathing to the unhappy man, who had injured her, a fruitless regret, which contributed to embitter the pangs of his own diffolution. On her death, Mr. Hope wrote another letter to Capt. Sanford, stating at large the circumstances I have just related, and conjuring him to take care of the child. Sanford, to whom the parish. officers had applied, and who had directed his attorney to fatisfy them, was outrageous at a letter, containing reproaches which he was conscious he fo little deserved. He wrote to Sir William Sapsworth, and represented the conduct of Mr. Hope in such a light, that Sir William, who was a justice of the peace, and poffessed in common with most of his brethren, that quickness of comprehension, which decides on a story before it has been heard half out, was convinced that the Curate was father of the child, and was defirous of palming it upon the Captain; and this piece of intelligence, which carried with it all the weight -

weight of having been communicated by a man of consequence, was soon believed in the country. Mr. Hope knew this, but he faw the path which humanity urged him to purfue; nor was he to be diverted from it by a torrent of that obloquy which fell unfelt around him, because he was conscious he had not deserved it. In short, he took on himself the care of the poor deserted boy; he bestowed as much time as he fould spare from his necessary avocations on his education, and affisted him as far as his slender income would permit, till that hour arrived, when he was called to receive the reward of a life, as blan eless as the frailty of his nature would permit it to be.

During this time my brother, who was creating and destroying at the same moment a very splended fortune at Calcutta, entirely lost the memory of this transaction, among the other irregularities of youth, till a fingular circumstance awakened him to a recollection of it, accompanied by that remorfe to which a body enervated by an unremitting course of luxury, and the gradual advance of age had rendered his mind

feelingly alive.

Between

Between fifteen and fixteen years after my brother's departure from this country, Sanford, who had obtained a very lucrative appointment in the company's fervice, arrived at Calcutta. The meeting between these old companions was accompanied by all that pleasure which attends the renewal of a former inti-The tales of old times went round, and Sanford related with much indignation the trick which had been attempted by the Curate of Derham. You may eafily judge what were my brother's feelings on this occasion. The death of the unoffending girl, in the bloom of youth, a fate to which his unkindness had probably condemned her! - to have a fon, probably a defolate and friendless vagabond on the face of the earth !- he wrote immediately to me a hafty detail of the business, begging that I would find out this boy, if living. I was in Italy at the period when his letter arrived, and it followed me thither... You know, probably, that I had the honour to fustain a public post of some importance in one of the Italian states. This letter reached me on the evening before my departure for England, which I took on board one of the chart ships in the Mediterranean trade. It was very late

late when I returned home, haraffed and fatigued, from a long conference on public affairs previous to my departure. This letter was put into my hands by my valet de chambre. I read it—threw it among fome other papers -flung myself hastily into bed, and lay ruminating on its contents till sleep furprifed me. In the morning, I had forgotten the name of the boy, to the recollection of which I had no clue to conduct my mind; for as I was abroad during great part of my brother's youth, I had never heard even the name of his friend Sanford. I alked for my letter. My fervant told me he had packed all the loofe papers in the bottom of a trunk, which was already on its way on board, as was all my baggage, for the wind was fair. It is not mate rial, faid I, I shall see it as soon as I arrive in London. all 110 and by the

When I inspected my trunks, on my arrival, I had the mortification to find that this letter was missing. Extremely vexed at a circumstance so unfortunate, I determined to find out some of my brother's old friends, among whom I should, probably, come at the name of the officer on whom he had played this trick, and I thought I should recollect it

upon hearing it. During this time I had occasion to attend at the public-office of one of the justices of peace in this city. The very lad, who is the subject of this story, was brought before him. His name, when mentioned, ftruck my ear, not, I confess, immediately as the name which I had been fo long trying my recollection for, but fimply as a name I had heard some where. There was fomething artless in the boy's story, which gained my attention; I determined to wifit him in the gaol, to which he was configned, when I found that the officer, to whose care he was intrusted! had permitted him to escape.

Some time after this I received the melancholy news of the death of my brother, with a confignment, by his particular defire, of all his papers, among which I found this story detailed pretty much at large. As I was setting out the other morning for Westmore land, in order, as far as possible, to execute my brother's last wishes on this occasion, my servants discovered young Sanford by the rode side, in the situation which has, doubtless, been described to

you.

Altered as his dress was from that in which I had last seen him, and dis-

guised as his face was with blood. I still discovered something in his features that were not unknown to me; but it was not till I had made farther discoveries that I was enabled fo far to combine circumstances as to recollect in this boy the features which I had feen before the justice, and to encourage a strong hope that he might be the object of my purfuit. In short, I was within a few hours of my journey's end, when, at the door of an inn where I stopped for refreshment, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom I had formerly known, a Captain Wharton. As I understood from him, that he lived in that part of the country to which I was going, I trusted him with the purpose of my journey, and received from him that intelligence which has fent me thus speedily back again. I am extremely rejoiced to hear that this poor boy is fo much better, and, I trust, we shall be able, in some measure, to atone, in the care of his interests, for the injuries which his unfortunate mother has fustained.

have

# C H A P. XXXIV.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY PROCEEDS.

O communicate to poor Ned intelligence, which raifed him from his present misery to a state of bliss, probably, as complete as this world will afford, was a grateful talk to the heart of Colonel Walfingham; but as he faw that fuch a communication must be cautiously performed, he judged it proper to relieve his mind from its depression by the news, for the present, of the discovery of Betfy only. It would be vain to attempt a description of the joy which poor Ned experienced on this occasion; it operated as a most sovereign medicine, and, in a very few days, he felt no more of his bruiles.

As Colonel Walfingham left Ned's chamber he heard a knock at the street door, and, on entering Sir James's study to take his leave of him for the morning, he was surprised by the fight of Lord Derham. After a sew words concerning Ned's situation to Sir James, and a sew inquiries concerning his cousin to Lord Derham, he was about to retire, when Lord Derham said, "Sidney, I

have nothing to fay to Sir James but what you may hear-what, indeed, as related to the family, you ought to hear."-Upon this Colonel Walfingham refumed his feat, and Lord Derham continued as follows :- " Sir James, you are related to Sir Harry Saplworth, and he had for some time the good fortune to be under your care as a guardian. I do not know to whom I ought rather to apply under the circumstances that have occurred to day, than to yourfelf: Let me briefly acquaint you with them:

On calling on my lawyer this morning, I was extremely surprised to hear that the title deeds of an estate, which was to have been fettled on my daughter, were not among the papers fent for his perulal. I went immediately to Sir Harry's house to get this circumstance explained, where I was informed, that he had fet out last night for the Continent. This, on the eve of his marriage, added to the strange appearance of some fellows, who feemed to be in possession of the house, gave me some alarm-In fhort, I have that confidence in your character, Sir James, that, where the future welfare of (I am proud to fay it) the best of children gives me so strong a claim, I am fure, I shall receive from you,

you, notwithstanding your connection with Sir Harry, every information in your power, as to the situation of his affairs.

After a pause of some moments, Sir. James faid, "Give me leave to be frank in my turn: I cannot but be surprised. after what has happened, that your Lordship should think of this union at all !"-" Explain yourself, Sir."-"Why, my Lord, I am perfectly affured that you tender your daughter's happiness most dearly."-" Dearly, indeed! it is the only care I have on earth."-" By every account I hear of her, she is well worthy of it. Fame speaks of her as a most amiable young Lady."-" It does her no more than inflice then." Walfingham was too much interested in this conversation to bestow a word even on the merits of his coufin. "Then, furely, my Lord, fuch a girl has little chance of happiness with a man, whose moral character is fuch as Sir Harry's must have appeared to your Lordship." " To me!-his moral character!"-" From the result of fome inquiries, which I was requested to make the other day, not absolutely by this gentleman, for I had not then the happiness of his acquaintance but by Capt; Seymour,

Seymour, as I understood, at his intreaty." He paused. Colonel Walfingham now found himself called upon to discover to Lord Derham the whole of Sir Harry's conduct as to Betsy, and gratified him with the news of the safety

of his old sergeant's daughter.

Lord Derham underwent various agitations during this narrative; but they were at last all buried in the joy he felt at the escape of his amiable daughter from the clutches of such a man. He chid Sidney for not acquainting him before with the conduct of Sir Harry, never recollecting that so few days had passed since the discovery, and that no opportunity of such communication had occurred. He at length took his leave, but not till Walfingham and Sir James had promised to dine with him.

The cloth was no sooner removed than Sir James acquainted Lord Derham with the discoveries which had been made as to Ned, and a conversation ensued, which lasted till a loud knocking at the door announced Miss Derham's return from the country. She entered the dining-room, where she staid just long enough to be introduced to Sir James, and retired to preside at the tea table, to which Lord Derham

expressed

expressed a wish to be summoned as soon as it was ready. Walfingham stole out of the room after her, that he might be the first to announce to her the fingular change in the affairs of young Sanford, which he was fure would, on Betfy's account, rejoice her very much. She was astonished and pleased at the communication, and, after a short conversation on the subject, I have, faid she, also fomething to communicate; but, added she, somewhat gravely, "it will not, perhaps, have much novelty to recommend it to you." She then produced a letter, which Walfingham opened. This letter was as follows:

## " Madam,

"Several circumstances compel me, however reluctantly, to renounce the claim to your hand, which I had once the honour to maintain, and I am now about to leave this kingdom, perhaps for a considerable portion of my future life. If I judge rightly of the motive which produced the interference of your relation, Colonel Walsingham, in affairs in which I cannot, I confess, otherwise account for such interference, you will conceive no very poignant anguish at this

this declaration, from one who has still the honour to be,

With the profoundest respect,
Your very devoted servant,

HARRY SAPSWORTH."

Walfingham paufed for fome time after he had read this letter, and at length faid, " Lest you should imagine that my conduct has afforded fome ground for the infinuation contained in this letter, I will lay the whole of it before you. As foon as I was fully convinced that Sir Harry was concerned in the infamous scheme of carrying off Braddyl's daughter, I made a point of feeing him. I met him at the Opera, and begged half an hour's convertation with him. We adjourned to a neighbouring tavern: I there asked him whether he knew the author of the letter. supposed to be written by the girl herfelf, imputing to me a partnership in her flight. He denied that he knew any thing of it. I confess I rather judged the letter to have been a forgery of that rafeal his fervant: but I wished to have it explained, and thought it a proper introduction to that which was the chief cause of my requesting an interview with him.

him. I felt myfelf bound by every tie to tell you what I had discovered concerning this girl: I felt myfelf bound to tell him that I would do fo. I did it very concifely, and justified my intended conduct as a relation. Some words enfued: I was in uniform. Sir Harry had dined with a party after the drawingroom and was full dreffed I did not know that he had very lately been wounded in the arm; he carried it in his bosom, but he wore no sling. When I discovered it, I apologized for some expressions I had used, which would not have been justifiable had b known his fituation; but left him with a declaration, that, if his addresses continued, you should be acquainted with the whole of the transaction.

This is all that has passed between us." Miss Derham gently child her considered as rather too nice, when Lord Derham and Sir James joined them, and the evening was spent in comments on the singular change in the affairs of the young couple whom they protected; for Colonel Walsingham had very soon acquainted Sir James with the attachment which he had witnessed between them. Miss Derham said every kind

kind thing that her heart dictated in fayour of her little protegee. Sir James declared, that Ned had found a relation in him; but trusted, that he would never discover an oppressor; and it was agreed, that, if Ned was well enough, the party should fet out for Derham-Down in the course of the week, which was already above half spent.

## CHAP. XXXV.

ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO WESTMORE-LAND.

OLONEL Walfingham no fooner learned that Betfy was gone to Derham than he dispatched a flort note to Braddyl, to acquaint him with Nel's fafety, which gave great pleasure to the good old sergeant and his wife, and shed a delicious calm over the mind of their lovely daughter.

It was on a most delightful afternoon that the little three-legged table (formerly mentioned) was again placed under the apple-tree, and Mrs. Braddyl's tea equipage fet out with due decorum, Betly brought out three chairs,

and

and called her father from his work. which was no other than the compleating a piece of the garden paling, through a gap in which the pig had contrived to find his way to some tempting young cabbage plants. She feated herfelf by her mother, and producing a piece of cloth, which she was employed in making into a shirt for her father, gave one end of it to her little brother, who was climbing up her knees, to hold, in order to keep him quiet, which he did with all the gravity of a train-bearer to a Lord Chancellor, while she proceeded on the other. Braddyl foon joined them, and the conversation turned on the happy return of Betfy, and the fafety of her deliverer, whom Braddyl declared that he longed to take by the hand, when it was interrupted by the found of carriages. Betfy flew to look down the road; she saw Lord Derham's coach and fix.- "Father, father," cried she, "my Lord is come!" Braddyl joined her in an inflant. Betfy could not take her eyes off the carriage. On the moment that she saw it, she conceived a hope that she should see Ned among the outriders. Poor Betfy! when the equipage was paffed, and no Ned appeared, her countenance fell, and the

the was about to refume her workwhen the faw the carriage stop, and Lord Derham, his daughter, and Colonel Walfingham, get out, she flew towards her beloved patronels, trembling with gratitude and love. She was ready to throw her arms about her necks but, as if recollecting fuddenly the difference of their stations, she stopped short, blushed deeply, and dropped a low and respectful curtesy. Miss Derham faw this conflict. She smiled sweetly upon her, and, throwing her arms around her, pressed her gently to her bosom. When Colonel Walfingham taxed his charming cousin, on the next day, with having went at this interview. fhe faid. that, after the had killed her little girl, the found her cheek wet with the tears which stood in her eyes. This was probably true; but, as the passed her handkerchief across her own eyes too, there is some reason to believe that Walsingham was in the right.

In a moment, however, the recovered herfelf, and, fmiling archly on Lord Derham, faid, "My Lord, do you know the carriage that is coming?" "How should I know it?" faid the old gentleman, with some fun in his countenance: "I know it has followed us a

long

long time; do you know it, Betfy?"-" No, Madam." Betfy's attention was thus called to a very handsome postchaife, just at the moment in which it stopped at her father's door. She had no time to consider it. Before the fervant could dismount, the door bounced open, and Ned Sanford fprang out. He was plainly, but genteelly dreft. Betfy was fo overcome with furprise that the hardly knew him. "Betfy!" faid he, " Betfy!" He sprang forwards, till recollecting how many witnesses there were to this interview, he stopped short, and took her by the hand. He looked round. On one fide of him he faw Sir James Hardy, who had now left his carriage, laughing. He turned to the other fide; there was a finile on every face: He gave a loofe to his affection, and catching his lovely Betfy in his arms, held her for some moments strained to his busom before the could difengage herfelf, which she did as foon as fhe could, and ran into the house overcome with shame and surprise, and not wholly free from refentment against Ned for the strangeness of his conduct. Ned then seized Braddyl by the hand, lifted it to his lips, and the fcene, in which he had experienced from him fuch

fuch marks of warm and difinterested friendship, rushing on his mind, he burst into tears. When he came to Mrs. Braddyl, she was so affected by the scene, that she kissed him tenderly, and, observing that his clothes were new, wished him health and strength to wear them.

Lord Derham now feeing his old fergeant overwhelmed with aftonishment, called him to him, and congratulated him on the recovery of his daughter, while Walfingham and Miss Derham did the fame to Mrs. Braddyl. Lord Derham then faid to Sir lames Hardy,-" Sir James, I believe we had better go forward to the Down, and leave the young man to explain matters. Sanford, we shall expect you to supper. Ned be wed very low, and the company retired, leaving Braddyl's family more perplexed than ever. The old man at last recovered his speech : "Why, Ned - why-how is all this?-Why-what, what-ha!-why?"-" I will explain all to you in a minute," faid Ned, who now perceived that Betfy had gone into the house, and in he ran. He found her feated in the parlour. The tumult of her mind had found vent in tears, and the was crying heartily. Ned foon contrived

trived to sooth her, and before they returned into the orchard upon Mrs. Braddyl's summons to the tea table, he had explained to Betsy the heads of his story, which, in the course of this happy meal, was pretty fully communicated to her father and mother. After a few hours past in a state of happiness, which kings might envy, Ned reluctantly retired to sup at the Down.

## CHAP. XXXVI.

THE CONCLUSION.

IT will be readily supposed that Colonel Walsingham had, before their arrival in the country, acquainted Lord Derham with his affection for his lovely daughter. In doing this he communicated intelligence highly acceptable to his Lordship, who frankly told him so. To this alliance, indeed, no one objection seemed to occur, in point of fortune. Walsingham was, by the death of his uncle, rendered an eligible party, and, in point of family, he boasted the blood of 1 ord Derham himself, without being so nearly allied to him, as to ren-

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der their conlanguinity the smallest obstacle to the intended union; for though, in the country phrase, they called Cousins, yet Walfingham was more indebted for this constant claim of relationship on the part of Lord Derham, to the respect and affection which his Lordship had borne towards his father, and which he himself had inherited, than to any great proximity of blood.

As to Ned Sanford, fince he had been admitted, in the superior station of a companion, to the respectable family at Derham Down, he had very much conciliated the affection and esteem of every one. He possessed, to a great degree, that modesty which is the invariable attendant on genius, or rather the offforing of those acute feelings, and that delicate fensibility, without which genius cannot be constituted; nor did there ever exist a man of splendid talents without this virtue, though fome few have been induced to view it, through the medium of inferior minds, as an enemy to the exertion of their talents, and have contrived to subdue it: a talk so painful, that I will venture to fav no portion of that finister fame. which can alone be acquired without it.

the labour.

It is a subject at once of astonishment and pity, to behold the attempts of weak and misjudging parents, to stiffe this virtue in their children, under the idea that it is an enemy to their rife in the world, as if to disgust society was the only road to its favour and protection! In certain fituations, indeed, modesty may prove a bar to preferment; those situations, however, are but few. and it is to be regretted that they exist at all; but beyond a certain pitch of elevation, the man who wants this effential, this endearing quality, can, in no fituation, arrive. Wealth may, perhaps, be acquired without it, but fuperior rank, and exalted station, the admiration - the esteem - the reverence of mankind, are only to be conciliated by those, whose talents they are permitted to unveil; and this, perhaps, has a deeper foundation than the more revolting effects of those perpetual attacks on the modelty and felf-love of others, which impudence is perpetually engaged in; for the world is perfectly aware, that the man of superior talents possesses a mind too much enlightened as to the acquisitions of others, and the limits of his

his own understanding, not to be extremely diffident with respect to his endownents; while the fuperficial man always thinks highly of the little he enjoys. No man is a successful hypocrite as to his opinion of himself; the modefty, therefore, of the one, and the vanity of the other, are equally conspicuous. But the respect of Ned, for the patronels of his Betly, amounted almost to adoration! The beauty of her perfon-the cultivation of her mind-the benevolence of her heart-added to the polish of the first manners-feen and telt, for the first time, by a lad of so much lensibility, made him look upon ber as a being of a fuperior order. Nor was the flow in discovering the talents and virtues of Ned, which in a more genial climate, began abundantly to unfold themselves; and she felt happy that her little protogee was likely to unite her fate to that of a young man, who pronufed to be fo deferving of her.

On the morning, after their arrival, Walfingham, accompanied by Sir Janies Hardy, to whom he had related the whole of Betly's story, walked down to Braddyl's having first engaged Miss Derham to take Ned on a ride with her, that he might be out of the way, as Sir

James

fames wished to form some judgment of Betfy from this interview. It was impossible that a man of discernment should fail to admire the simple virtues and unadorned understanding of this lovely girl. He was charmed with her, and, taking Braddyl aside, he communicated to him his intention, if the affection. which sublisted between the young people, should withstand a short term of probation, for he thought them yet too young to be thoroughly acquainted with their own minds on the subject, to forward an union between Betsv and his nephew, to whom he proposed ceding so much of his income, as should put the perfectly at his eafe in the lituation of a gentleman. THE PARTY OF LEGISLEY STORES

Braddyl received this declaration with a modest dignity. He thanked Sir James for his intentions in his daughter's favour, which, he said, gave him great pleasure, not so much on account of the accession to the lad's fortune, as from the real esteem which he selt for him; "though," said he, "I am a hittle obliged to fortune too, for in his former station I could not have married my girl to him without, perhaps, causing the misery of both." "If he should ever forget your friendship to-

wards him, he will be unworthy of my esteem," said Sir James; " from what I know of him, however, that will never be the case." Mrs. Braddyl now asked when they should see the young gentleman? --- Colonel Walfingham fmiled; he told her, he gueffed that the day would not pass without a visit from him, and Sir James and he retired together. About an hour after they were gone, Betly, who was standing at the door, called to her mother, and faid, with a laugh which she could scarcely stifle, " Mother! mother! who is that gentleman who is talking with neigh-Lour Sea-Coal?" Mrs. Braddyl looked out, and faw Ned in a neat riding dress, in conference with the farrier, for he had called on all his old friends in the village-" As I live," faid she, " it is young Mr. Sanford! Betfy, child, what a blowse you are! Do smooth your hair a little, pray." Ned faw and ran to them. Mrs. Braddyl could not help curtfeying. Betfy called him Mr. Sanford, and received a tap on the cheek, which he termed a box of the ear; it would not have killed a gnat. Ned dined with them, and returned in the evening to the Down. As in ever torret year in As

sharw.

As foon as the preliminaries could be fettled, Sidney Walfingham received the first bleffing this life could afford him in the hand of his lovely cousin, Miss Derham. It would be idle to attempt a description of the happiness which filled his breast on this occasion. Words would convey no idea of it to those who cannot feel, and a very feeble one to those who can. They were not, however, fo wholly engroffed by their ownblifs, as to be unmindful of that of their young friends. Sir James had refolved that Ned thould refide for some time with a clergyman, in the neighbourhood of Capt. Wharton, who had the reputation of a man of taste and learning, in order to prepare him for the university of Cambridge, to which he proposed to fend him for a short period, previous to his marriage with Betly.

Miss Derham requested that a sufficient sum should be reserved to her in her settlement, if the projected union between young Sanford and her favourite should not take place, to purchase for her a comfortable annuity. I do not," said she to Colonel Walsingham, "reserve this because I distrust you, but I wish to have the act my own." Having thus secured her little favourite against any

danger of fuffering from narrowness of income, after the should have received an education calculated to do her credit in the superior station to which she was, probably, deftined, she made it a request to Walfingham, that she herself might bestow on Betsy those accomplishments which alone were wanting to qualify her for shining in any sphere. Walfingham, who knew no will but hers, embraced the proposal with joy, and Betly was invited to the Down, at which place Walfingham refided for fome time after his marriage, and, indeed, till he was lucky enough to purchase an estate at no great distance.

Sir Harry Saplworth might, probably, have decoyed Miss Derham, or rather her father, into an union with him, broken as his fortunes were, had it not been for the cautious obstinacy of a Scotchman, who was one of the chief agents in his ruin, and who had contrived to obtain the best security for the large debts which were due to him; this fellow, who had left his own country barefoot, and foon after his arrival in this metropolis obtained the fituation of porter in a tradefman's warehouse, possessed all the steady perseverance of his countrymen: This perseverance, directed towards

towards the accumulation of wealth. and unchecked by any one principle of any thing like virtue, was crowned by the attainment of a splendid fortune. By standing in the place, of those good men in the city, who, though they have no objection to their share in the spoils of a young heir, are too modest to avow their share in his ruin; by assuming all the infamy attending the transactions he engaged in, with a moderate share of the profits, he became foon enabled to fet up in his trade on his own bottom, and a glorious trade it was before my Lord Loughborough's bill, in some degree, fettered it : He still, however continues to piddle on, and had the impudence to propose himself as a candidate for a feat in the fenate at a late general election; it is a pity the country is deprived of the advantage which must have resulted from such a combination of knowledge and integrity.

This man had a confiderable mortgage on one of the estates of Sir Harry; which was to have been fettled on Mils. Derham. Various overtures were made to him, with an offer of any other fecurity, and a promise of the payment of the money immediately upon the marriage, to induce him fo far to relinquish the

the title deeds of which he was in poffession, that they might be forth coming, when called for. To these applications, however, he turned a deaf ear, and his refusal was, probably, a motive to induce Sir Harry to retreat, at a more early period than he would otherwise have chosen, to the Continent. On the Continent he now lives, in exile; for the ruined state of his affairs affords him little prospect of a return to his native country. Contempt, the fure companion of a dishonest poverty, attends him; and, if he continues, a rapid diffipation of the little wealth which remains in his possession, that contempt will so far increase, as to qualify him for the fociety of his quondam fervant, . Mr. Black, who found it convenient to retire also. They may then, perhaps, form a respectable addition to a respectable fociety of their countrymen, at a fea-port in a neighbouring kingdom, till fuch time as Mr. Black shall meet his reward in a halter; that period is not, probably, at a great distance, for fo little is the contemptible cunning of such men allied to true wildom, that no adage is more confirmed by daily experience than the trite one -" Give a vilmidputter of and of and application lain."

Luke Level, by means of an acquaintance of the same persuasion, has obtained a place in London, where, probably, his cautious conduct, and nice conscience, will be more amply rewarded than in the little village of Derham; it is dangerous for a man, to whom any disguise is necessary, to pass his life

in a confined fociety.

As for our friend, Ned Sanford, he made a rapid progress in his studies; but his love increasing as his mind expanded, for the charms of Betfy fent forth new bloffoms daily as a reward to the fostering care of her lovely patroness; Sir James, after having consulted Lord Derham and Colonel Walfingham, consented to his union with the object of his wishes. A marriage, then, performed at Derham-church, in the prefence of the family at the Down, crowned, with transcendent blis, the pure and lafting affection which had so long hallowed the bosoms of this amiable young couple: After which they fet out for Oxford, at which place, instead of Cambridge, Walfingham, who had all that partiality for the scene of his education, which, perhaps, the warmest hearts,

hearts are the quickest to feel, requested he might be permitted to profecute his fludies. On their arrival they took lodgings opposite - College, of which Sanford was entered. Sir James Hardy, to whom the place of his refidence was indifferent, took a house about seven miles from the University, whither, as foon as each term is over, the young couple retire. Sir James Hardy certainly acted with great prudence when he confented to the marriage of young Sanford, before he suffered him to enter at the University. A young man, wholly unaccultumed to fociety, of a warm heart and vivid imagination, would have found it difficult to refift the spirit of dissipation in the company of thole with whom it would have been his lot to affociate. At an age, when the blood flows rapidly, when the paffions are at their height, and the fancy glowing, it is in vain to expect prudence; those hearts, in the composition of which those virtues have a place, which, when experience shall have given a check to their extravagances, are valculated to form the best men, have, probably, the leaft of it.

Sir James has rendered Braddyl and his wife independent, which a small addition dition to the fruits of the sergeant's frugality and industry has enabled him to do. He has settled five hundred pounds a year on Ned Sanford, and is about the purchase of an estate for him, near the families of their respected patrons.

As Sir James has no family by his first wife, and has declared his intention never to marry again, it is highly probable that this young man will inherit a great portion of his ample fortune. His station in society will then be distinguifhed—a station, which there is every reason to believe, from the expanding qualities of his head and heart, he will fill with honour to himself, and advantage to those around him. Genius, in the constitution of which the best qualities of the head and heart must unite, is that combination of fingular endowments, without which no truly great man was ever formed; but as it is calculated to raise its possessor to the fummit of human honour, by the benefits which it enables him to confer on human fociety, fo is it rare in its existence, and of exceeding charge to its possessor-of so much, indeed, as to tend decidedly to the preservation of that due balance, which we every where find preferved in the distribution of happiness

happiness to mankind, a nd to render that possessor by no means to be envied by the man of inferior endowments; yet, when he shall have escaped through those perils to which this dangerous burt in shall have subjected him, he shall furely discover, and glory in the riches of his possession. The period shall furely arrive, when that acute and fubtile power of perception, whose primary efforts have almost invariably led him altray, shall, by a restless investigation of the vast world which is open before him, acquire superior powers, and a justice of aim hitherto unknown, and by the various combination of causes. with eTects, and of each, with each other, attain to splendid discoveries. That warm heart, whose quick sensibility grows arrogant at the consciousness of his own endowments, and unites with his keen perceptions of beauty, in all its combinations, only to render him the flave of others; when the powers of his mind shall have expanded so far as to attain to their last discovery, that of their own limits, shall lose all its arrogance in the contemplation of that Creator, who, having bestowed so much, has yet left us at so immeasurable a distance from his own wisdom; while

while the expansion of his powers, and his consciousness of their comparative imbecility, shall equally operate to direct aright the native warmth of his. heart, and az universal benevolence will be the result; aware of his own weakness, and convinced how often it has thwarted his best intents, he will compassionate every being involved, like himself, in a perpetual struggle between his virtues and his failings. It is then that we shall behold those powers of imagination, which have formerly affifted the power of the appetites, and whose worthiest employment it has, perhaps, been, to give a kind of dignity to indolence, undertake a nobler tafk. Where the powers of perception, operating upon objects before them, find themselves paled in, imagination shall take her flight; she shall bring back with her new and wonderful objects to affift the faculty of combination; man shall be taught to receive instruction in the garb of delight—even a new field of instruction shall be opened—he shall be taught the more to respect himself, and the more to venerate his Creator, while he contemplates this new effort of the human mind; an effort in which the

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the foul feems, for a short excursion, to shake off the fetters which bind her to the body, and as if, for a period, permitted to exercise those pure and sublime faculties, which argue her the work, and surely connect her, in some degree, with the

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